



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXIX and BYSTANDER
No. 2454

London
July 21, 1948

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

JULY 21, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX, No. 2454

THIS ISSUE

Independence Day.

The celebration at the U.S. Embassy, unique of its kind, being entered into with zest by British and United States guests alike, including the Prime Minister, is pictured on page 73.

Earl St. Aldwyn Married.

Scenes from the wedding of Earl St. Aldwyn and Miss Diana Mills in a small Gloucestershire village will be found on page 77. And Jennifer also deals with the ceremony and pre-wedding reception in London, in her Journal.

Eton v. Harrow.

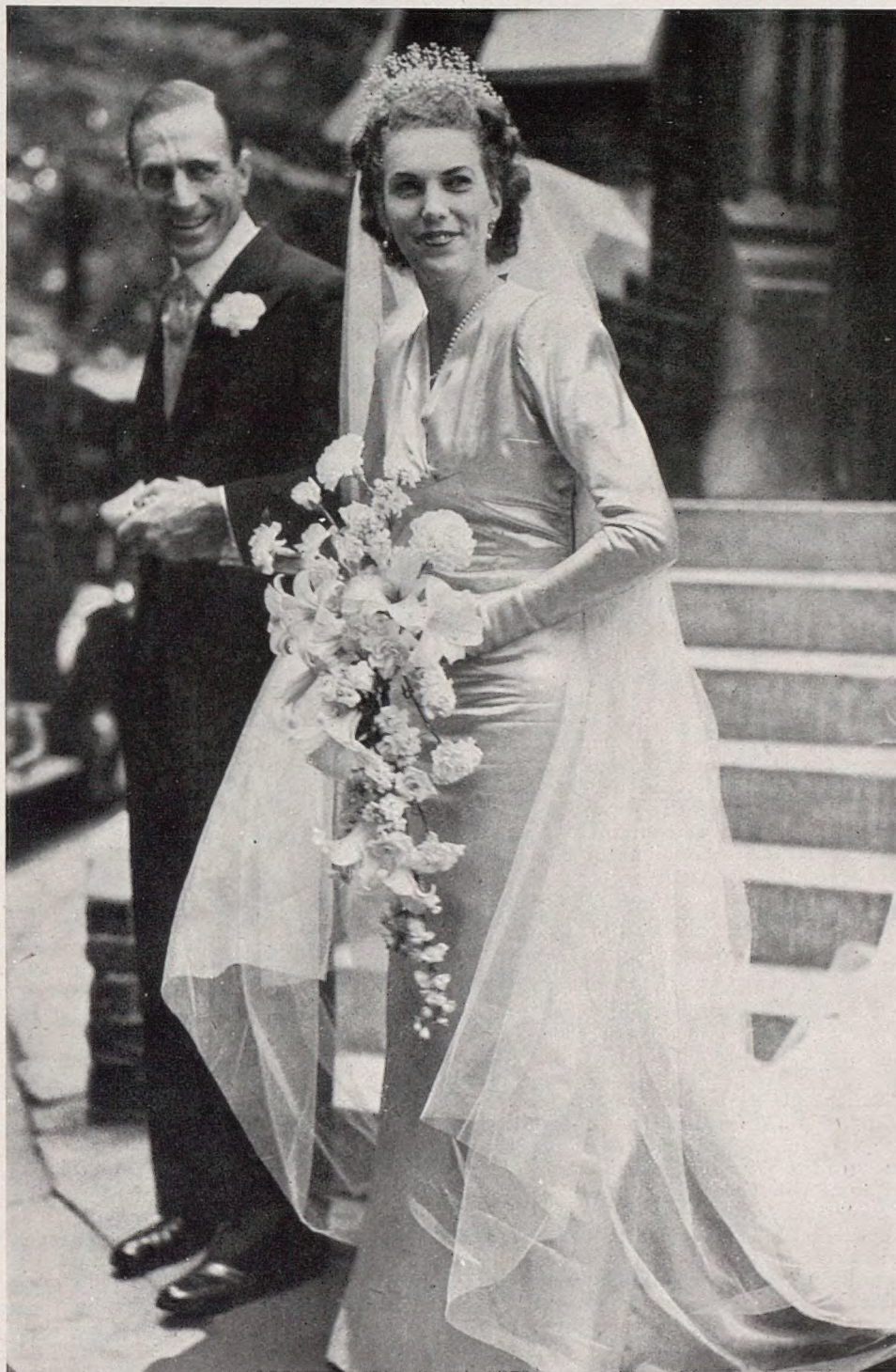
This distinguished event, triumphing over the wintry July weather, brought not only an impressive gathering of Old Boys, friends and relations to Lord's, but also a spice of excitement not expected by the onlookers. See pages 66 and 78.

Royal Garden Party.

Many thousands of guests went to Buckingham Palace for the first Garden Party of the season, and all phases of national life and achievement, as well as many overseas countries were represented there. A pictorial cross-section of those attending is on pages 80 and 81.

Princess Elizabeth's Yacht.

A fine action picture of this ship, the Princess's latest wedding gift, is on page 83. It has already shown that it has a fine turn of speed and should be among the fastest representatives of its class.



MISS EILEEN SYBIL PHIPPS, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, was recently married to Lt.-Col. Philip Parbury, of Wollongong, Australia, and they are seen leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after the ceremony. Miss Phipps, who is the daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, was lady-in-waiting to her aunt when the Duke of Gloucester was Governor-General of Australia, and the Duke and Duchess were at the wedding



Promenade at Lord's during an interval in the Eton versus Harrow match, in which a very tense situation developed before Harrow forced a draw. In spite of the unseasonable weather the scene was fully as gay and colourful as in previous years, though top hats were perhaps not quite so numerous as usual (see opposite page)

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

ONE day I was standing watching the turn of the high tide where the Pool of London gives way to Limehouse Reach—opposite Wapping Wall—when my companion made a remark which seemed at the time odd.

There were so many other things that might have come to mind looking on that scene beneath the grey and remote London sky. Here was the start of the road that had led around the world; in this restless stretch of tidal water forty miles from the sea was the heart of the vastest of cities; here, in this foreshore landscape of masts and funnels and barges, was the true London story.

And all my companion said was: "Who wrote that 'gratitude is the memory of the heart'?"

This sort of reflective remark calls for no answer, being usually in the nature of a prelude. He took a drink from his tankard (we were sitting on the wooden terrace of a riverside inn in Rotherhithe) and presently carried on.

"It's a stirring sight as you just remarked," he said. "Flow of commerce—imports and exports—and so on, but the other day in the course of my job I came on an import that had nothing to do with the 'flow of commerce.' An invisible import. Do you know, in the past two years, nearly 30,000 tons—mark you, *tons*—of free food has been sent from all over the Empire for distribution in this country.

"Thirty thousand!"

He waved his tankard at the brown sails of a passing Thames barge, so laden that she seemed to have not above an inch of freeboard "For all I know ten tons of it in the Saucy Sue from Rochester. . . .

"And the trouble is—we are beginning to take it for granted. People get food parcels and too often forget to write their thanks. It's a

pity, because, to say the least, it's bad manners. Perhaps a sign of the times."

"I think it was a Frenchman—" I said.

"Who was?"

"—who wrote that line about gratitude: *la reconnaissance est la memoire du coeur.*"

I MUST confess it is always pleasant to get a nice letter of thanks, or a warming letter of any kind in this day of indifferent letter-writing, and—if what my Civil Service companion told me was true, and he is so high up that he can afford to tell the truth—a great opportunity is being missed.

Being often of an inquiring turn of mind, I went deeper into this whole matter. First, who gets this free food?

"A couple of years ago, when there was no diminution in the sending of foodstuffs," said the Civil Servant, "the Government worked out a scheme to control its distribution. That was necessary, as it was obviously impossible to split it into 44 million parts for every person in the country.

"One third of all this food now goes to about 4,000 hospitals and charitable institutions to supplement their rations. Two-thirds goes to the old and the really poor through the local authorities, to supplement *their* rations. The origin of the parcel is there and sometimes quite a ceremony is made of a distribution. And the address of the donor is nearly always with the parcel.

"Of course, no duty is paid, nor are there any costs at this end . . . but, as I say, we are rather worried that people out in the Dominions who give their money to sending all this food may not know just how much it is appreciated. There is nothing a Government department can do. It's up to the individual recipient."

Agreed.

All this talk took place, as I say, down in Rotherhithe (often referred to by its natives as "Rotherithy") from whose southern shore you can get a splendid slice of Whistler's skyline.

It is a picture treasured, in the memory or imagination, of many in the distant places of the world when they think of "home" and London and the Thames.

Lemuel Gulliver is said to have been a native of Rotherhithe, and in the parish church of St. Mary's is buried Christopher Jones, the master of the Mayflower, who must—as we know—have had at least twice as many passengers on that famous voyage to America as the captain of the Queen Mary.

Just around here, too, Queen Elizabeth knighted Francis Drake in the Golden Hind. But the true spirit of the place has been best caught by Dickens, in more than one memorable character and description.

Is London ever going to be able to see its own river at work? Unlike Liverpool, with its overhead railway, the sight of a big ship in the Royal Albert or King George V dock is denied us. Here we were, on this tavern terrace, only a quarter of an hour's run from Piccadilly Circus yet farther away for most Londoners than Malabar or Mandalay.

THERE has been some hullabaloo about the record attendances and sales at the Royal Academy this summer. Close examination of the figures does not suggest that painters are now wallowing in money.

The sales by now are over the £25,000 mark, but one should remember that some 1,000 artists are looking to the Academy for their income.

Deduct £5,000 for the top-sellers—such as Sir Alfred Munnings, Dame Laura Knight and S. J. Lamorna Birch—and the average

price of the pictures sold to the 500-odd lucky artists is less than £40 a picture. If the exhibition were on a strictly communal basis the share out would be about £25 per artist.

A hundred and fifty years ago, when the Royal Academy was getting into its stride, prices were proportionately much higher, and when an artist like West ("Death of General Wolfe") or John Copley ("Death of Chatham") held a one-picture exhibition, the money at the box office would to-day make any artist's mouth water. Copley's "Chatham" picture drew a 60,000 gate and £5,000 in entrance money.

Flower pictures are the best-sellers at the moment:

The reason seems not hard to guess.

ON the day that I heard of the death of Lady Cunard I had been sent by the publisher a new edition of Henry James's novel *The Tragic Muse* and, there seemed at the time, a link between the two names.

Henry James wrote of English society in the decades just before Lady Cunard brought her wit and money to Grosvenor Square, yet both played their parts in a society that has been slowly shifting its axis since the turn of the century, in the gentle and almost imperceptible English way. Henry James's was a day of vast London mansions, draughty country house week-ends and entertainment on an expansive scale that just survived 1918.

Of Henry James, nothing more amusing can have been written than by Somerset Maugham when, in *Cakes and Ale*, he makes his "Thomas Hardy" say that "Henry James turned his back on one of the great events of the world's history, the rise of the United States, in order to report tittle-tattle at tea parties in English country houses . . . poor Henry, he's spending eternity wandering round and round a stately park and the fence is just too high for him to pop over and they're having tea just too far away for him to hear what the countess is saying."

One likes to think that Lady Cunard, herself an American, appreciated the satirical wit of that observation, for she was witty in just that brittle way.

I MUST try to see the present revival of Shaw's *Too True To Be Good*, and find whether advancing years have brought me comprehension.

At its first performance in Warsaw, whither I was taken by a Polish friend, the first act of the evening's drama struck me as being extensively confusing, even taking into count my complete lack of knowledge of the language.

A month later in Malvern I attended the first English production of the same play, continuing to be baffled, and wondering why all the dramatic critics (with three exceptions, of which I was luckily one) should have been flown down to Malvern for the event, arriving in the stalls in the middle of the first act—many in a distressed condition after their first flight.

Shaw must have had a tremendous chuckle that afternoon.

NO moaning from me that Eton boys, as those of Westminster and other Public Schools, may have seen the last of their top hats, for nothing is more depressing in young or old than such hats when they are not in impeccable condition, glossy and with streamlined brim, and I cannot remember the days when they did not appear as if just used for Wall Game practice.

Yet who knows: perhaps there will be opened a Junior Department of M— Br—s every July, that Lord's may continue to enjoy its annual top-hatted ceremony?

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

by Justin Richardson

SENSITIVITY



At a certain hotel they were serving Lark pie—
Pigeon and Lark and Mushroom pie—
And I thought of the spangles of song in the sky
(I'm rather a sensitive person, am I)
And I looked at the stockbrokers lunching nearby
Whose bodies must prosper though Loveliness die—
And I uttered a highly disparaging sigh.

But when they produced it, I cannot deny
I found that these sentiments didn't apply.
It looked nothing more than a portion of pie—
A very desirable portion of pie—
And I ate a great deal without having to try.
But a real indignation brought tears to my eye
When I noticed the price: it was *cruelly* high.



MRS. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER presenting a parcel of gift food from South Africa to the child of a widow at a recent distribution at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. Behind are Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who captained the English cricket team against South Africa many years ago, and Mrs. O. Prentice, O.B.E., County Director for London of the British Red Cross. The very generous gifts of food from the Dominions to Britain are described in "Portraits in Print" opposite

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"People Like Us"
(Wyndham's)

PLAYWRIGHTS who take their facts from a *cause célèbre* are in danger, unless they happen to be Shakespeares, of getting absorbed in a rather sedative job of work. Intent on arranging the facts into a plausible stage story they are likely at critical moments to let their imaginations doze; and however skilfully they manage the facts the lack in the writing of something vital, of the true creative stir, makes itself felt.

One feels the lack here. So plainly did Frank Vosper base his drama on the Thompson-Bywaters murder that it was refused a licence in 1929. A public production, it was feared, would cause distress to people concerned. The ban has now been removed, and we get a play which skilfully reconstructs the crime and adds a persuasive psychological explanation of how it came to be committed.

It is an interesting play. If it is no more than interesting, if it makes no very deep emotional impression—for lack, as I suggest, of anything transcending a journalistic impulse in the writing—it is still pretty well assured of popularity. It is consistently interesting, and it is well cast.

The general idea is that "Ethel" did not desire



Kathleen Michael, who gives a moving performance as the wife who lives a life of fantasy

the murder she inspired her lover to commit. Since childhood she had been in the habit of living in day dreams which offered her excitements that could not be found in her suburban home. She could not only lie romantically to others, but to herself, for though some part of the truth remained the truth of fact she was drawn increasingly into the truth of fancy.

She married a man who could offer her a concrete and comfortable security, but a romantic seaman had only to appear for her to see herself as an unhappy bride linked to a soulless brute. She made him her lover, and while he was away at sea wrote him such letters that he returned strung up to do murder for her.

In these letters she informed her lover that she was trying to poison the husband; but the husband, who understood her nature, knew that she was dramatizing herself and that the powder she put in his beer was only chalk. This husband is the most arresting figure in the play; the author has invented him, and he rings true, he piques the imagination. Beside him the others seem pale, imperfect copies from life.

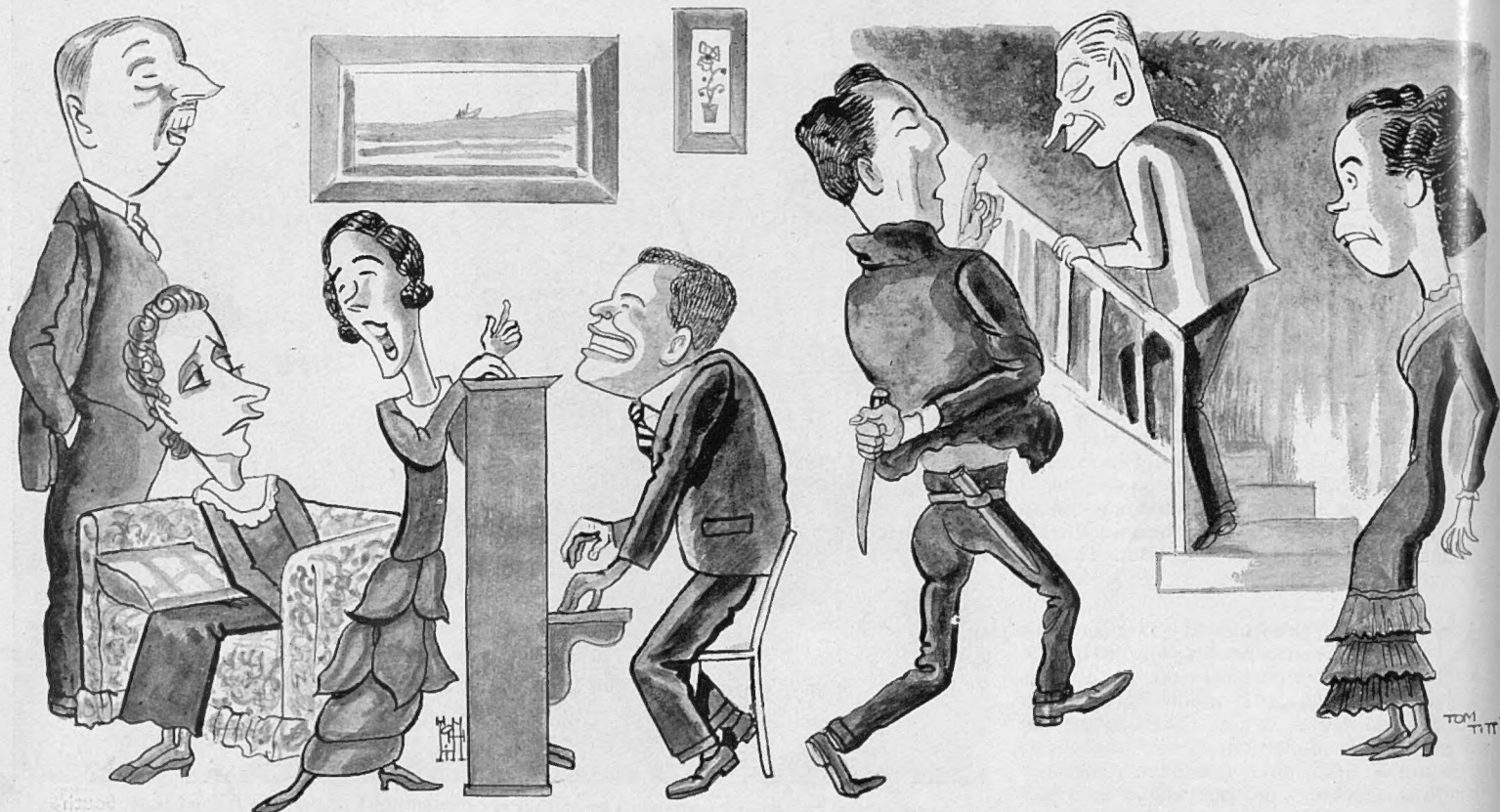
Harold's understanding of his foolish but attractive wife is half sadistic. He knows that

his physical hold over her is stronger than the transient appeal made by any number of rivals. He may be crude, but at least he is real: his rivals can be nothing but the phantoms of an overstrained fancy.

He has not, of course, reckoned on the effect of words on a simple seaman; and neither has she. Hence the knife in the back; hence the condemned cell; and hence the woman's sudden horrified realization of a reality she cannot escape. At that moment of realization the play should end, but unfortunately it does not.

No great demands are made on the actors, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that all the actors are extremely well suited to their parts. Miss Kathleen Michael, as the woman, is natural, sincere and competent—qualities which the first-night audience saluted with immense enthusiasm. The husband is Mr. Clive Morton, a dryly effective performance.

Miss Olga Lindo, as the mother uncertainly aware of the danger in which her sailor son stands but powerless to protect him, Mr. Robert Fleming as the bewildered murderer, Mr. Miles Malleon as the kindly, astonished father of a child he cannot understand, Miss Anna Turner and Miss Alison Leggatt, all contribute something essential to the author's purpose, which is to make us share in the wonder that out of "people like us," out of the silly fancies of an unbalanced girl, such horror should spring.



Serenade in the Suburbs. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood (Miles Malleon and Alison Leggatt) form a rather lukewarm audience for the lyrical outpourings of their daughter Ivy (Anna Turner), accompanied by her fiancé Dickie Miles (George Rose); all unaware of the horror overhanging them

With a Self-Satisfied Smirk Harold Carter (Clive Morton) goes upstairs to bed confident that he has settled the affair of his wife Ethel (Kathleen Michael) and her sailor lover (Robert Fleming). But Roulie, enraged by his taunts produces his bowie-knife, to Ethel's undisguised amazement and alarm



Photograph by Angus McBean

JOYCE REDMAN & MICHAEL GOUGH

who are starring with Roger Livesey in Jean-Paul Sartre's *Crime Passionnel* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, In a dramatic scene from the play in which they discuss their affection for each other. Michael Gough takes the part of a revolutionary deputed to assassinate his leader, yet full of qualms because of the respect in which he holds his intended victim, while as his wife Joyce Redman is bewildered by politics, and precipitates the tragedy by trying to ignore them The play will probably move to the West End next month

P. Youngman Carter*

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Look Out, Mes Amis

THERE is a French literary award which is called, or would be, if there were any justice, "*La Vie Malheureuse*." It is generally given to novels of the kind Mr. A. E. Housman might have written had he exchanged Shropshire for the Valley of the Loire. The ingredients are, as a rule, peasant morality or the lack of it, the utterly enduring character of the Soil, and the beauty of the changing seasons when only Man is vile, with a brace of seductions, a pinch of sadism and a hanging or so thrown in according to taste.

The information available about M. Gilbert Dupé's novel from which Jean Dreville has made *La Ferme du Pendu* (Academy) does not state whether it gained this prize, but the odds seem heavily in favour and it must be admitted that if this middlen plot is good film material, then impeccable use has been made of it. There are moments in this minor offering which merit major consideration. A cameo of a peasant girl (Arlette Merry) stirring soup over the kitchen fire, and a sequence at a rustic wedding which is the quintessence of all simple wedding feasts anywhere, are two of them; and there is not a casting director nor a camera man in Christendom who would not be the wiser for a study of these exquisitely handled country matters.

For the rest of us, excluding the squeamish who may wish to be excused, the film is a collector's item which achieves distinction in its less turgid moments.

The French flair for complete conviction in small-part casting is not just a clever little trick they have picked up; it is one of the foundations of leadership in their own particular line. Immense care in the selection of a player, whose only contribution may be a sniff or a shrug at the right moment, can make all the difference between conveying a whiff of garlic or of greasepaint.

BUT now comes an American film which should make the French look sharply over their shoulders. It is called *The Naked City* (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion) and it is full of those little touches of absolute veracity which have hitherto been the exclusive hallmark of European workmanship.

The late Mark Hellinger, who created this piece, has indeed gone two steps further; he has used passers-by for most of his occasional characters and has succeeded in catching these unconscious actors completely in the round. M. Dreville shows us the patron of a *bistro* so convincingly that we know he could never be anything else; Mr. Hellinger retorts with a vignette of a delicatessen storekeeper who possesses every whit as much conviction for

the eye, the ear and the nostrils of the imagination.

The story, for all the rhodomontade of its opening, is a swift, unabashed thriller, a whodunit played almost entirely in the streets of New York. Much of the action is clearly photographed by a concealed and mobile camera which follows the characters wherever they go, from Fifth Avenue to the Bronx, jostling with them as they struggle with early morning subway crowds and pausing to record as they question ice-men or the Bowery children playing with street-sprinklers.

Mr. Hellinger was a journalist by training and he has all the true reporter's delight in displaying his intimate knowledge of the city he knew.

THE tale is the simple account of a routine investigation by the Homicide Bureau of a murder, from the moment of its discovery to the closing of the net on the criminal. The professional actors, who are few, are brilliantly selected: the starring rôle is taken by the City herself and Jules Dassin has directed with distinction. At the head of the players is Barry Fitzgerald, a most able performer who presents the detective in charge of the case with notable integrity. What else, one feels, could Mr. Fitzgerald possibly be but a middlingly efficient police lieutenant? True, he is shown in one of his better cases, but all the time one is sure that there must have been hundreds of others on his books, some more sordid, many much duller, and possibly some more flashily successful. Moreover, long after the film ends, one feels certain that somewhere in New York that phlegmatic policeman must still be plodding along, sifting shreds of truth from masses of testimony, casting a disillusioned eye on new witnesses, urging on his team of tired assistants.

This quality of complete conviction, rare in transatlantic films, makes excellent and exciting cinema: in alliance with speed and efficient story telling it hits the bulls-eye on the thriller target which is now so riddled with outers and magpies from more expensive guns.

THE city of Ottawa is made to play her part in *The Iron Curtain* (now at the Plaza), but her opportunities are smaller than those afforded to her sister in the States. "Authentic Documents" presented in dramatic form must necessarily be coloured by the eye of the dramatist and here is propaganda based upon fact but presented with impassioned bias.

The story is an account of the facts revealed by the Royal Commission set up to investigate Russian activities in Canada towards the end of the war.

The chief character in the drama is—and was—

one Igor Gouzenko, a cipher clerk in the office of the Russian Military Attaché, who sickening of spying, revealed to the Canadians much of his country's method of espionage.

The decision whether this was or was not a laudable act would seem to depend almost entirely on one's political beliefs and to see it in perspective it is perhaps necessary to consider how one would have regarded the behaviour of, say, a Mr. J. Smith or Jones of our own Foreign Office had he trotted off to the Kremlin with details of any discreet inquiries we might have been making at the time. Igor Gouzenko however is played here by Dana Andrews and his wife is the delectable Miss Gene Turney; the adventure of their escape to our type of civilization is told with a mounting tension whose graph never sags for a moment. The creators of this film know their trade and they are clearly animated by genuine fervour; the zeal of religion is in every foot of it.

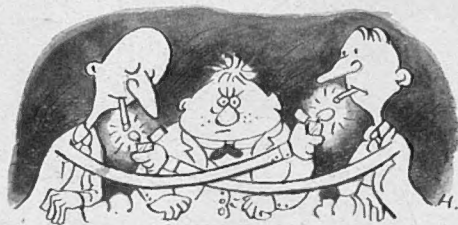
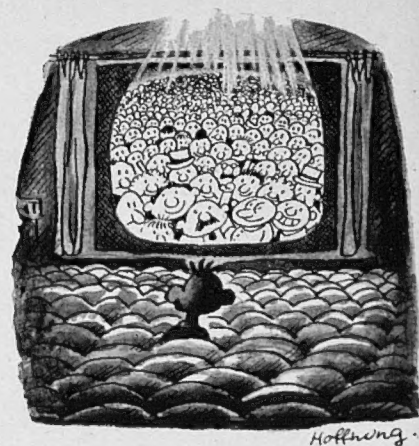
It is a case for the prosecution, ably presented by clever counsel and expert witnesses and it merits most careful attention, even if the defence and the summing up from the Learned Judge of History is lacking.

SOME defence is certainly called for in the little smatter of *Forever Amber* (Tivoli). The charges are, firstly, that it has about as much taste as a soya-bean sausage wrapped in pink Cellophane, secondly, that a dozen good films could have been made for the same expenditure and, thirdly, that it makes two hours and eighteen minutes seem like eternity.

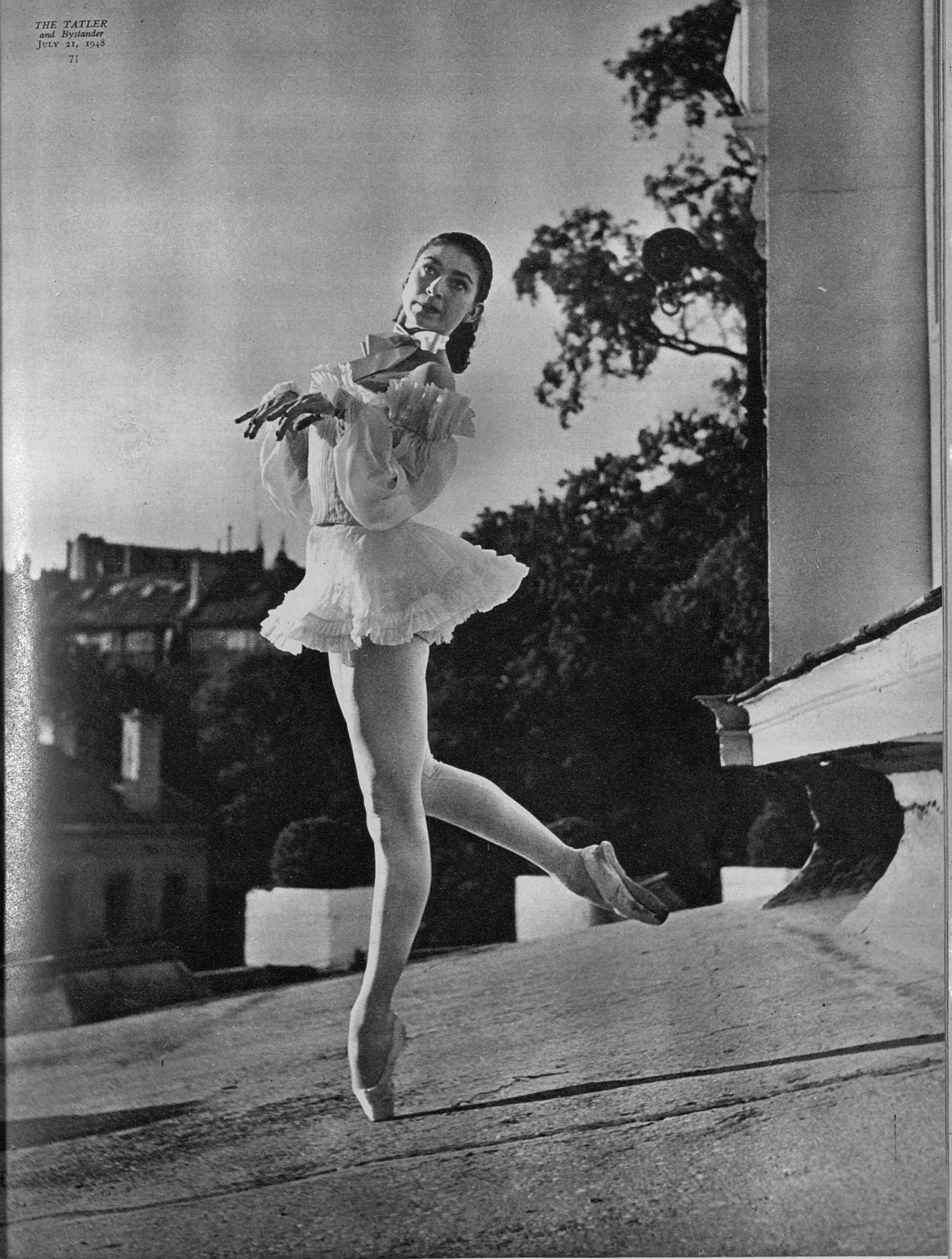
This tedious coloured postcard affair is extracted, through the fine sieve of box-office morality, from the best-seller before last. The book had, at least, a certain rollicking relish in its harlot's progress story of Restoration days, but the film conjures no images save those of harassed elocution masters scrambling off the sets whilst their pupils draw breath to repeat in refined near-English tones, dialogue of the "Odd's Blood! What goes on around here?" variety.

In mitigation it is only fair to say that there are one or two very funny moments, ecstatic stupidities which override one's general gloomy embarrassment. There are some exceedingly costly musical comedy costumes which are brightly decorative even if they are more suited to a Bournemouth edition of the *Folies Bergères* than an historical melodrama, and there is, also, one lonely actor among the players—Mr. George Sanders. His Merry Monarch was a sadly bored fellow, as, indeed, was your correspondent.

*Deputizing for
Freda Bruce Lockhart who is on leave.



MARGOT FONTEYN whose dancing has become part of the Sadler's Wells tradition—she has been with the company since 1934—has recently been making a remarkable success in Paris, as guest ballerina with the new Roland Petit Ballet, at the Marigny Theatre. She is seen on the roof of the theatre rehearsing one of the feline poses in the new ballet *The Ladies of the Night*, in which she takes the part of the cat Agathe who through love of a human-being becomes human herself, and finally dies in the arms of her lover. Margot Fonteyn comes from Reigate, Surrey, and was educated in Kentucky and Shanghai. Discovering her vocation in her early teens, she has since mastered all the classic rôles of ballet, of which her favourite is Giselle.



George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN EUROPE



H.E. Mr. A. K. Helm,
C.M.G., British Minister
to Hungary

BUDAPEST.—

Flower-boxes with blooms of every tint exuding every scent decorate the terraces of Hungary's most fashionable hotel, where the residents relax in the sunshine after a swim in the clear St. Gellert swimming-pool. Elsewhere hundreds of thousands of men and women in the recently nationalised industries struggle day and night to carry out the Three-Year Plan inside the three years, to heal the ravages caused by the war, the Russian siege

of Budapest, and the vicious German destruction during retreat.

Astonishingly, the Hungarians appear to be succeeding, better than experts and enemies alike dreamt possible. As, for example, with the completion in a few months of a bridge that linked Buda and Pest again, after the Nazis had mined all the seven crossings over the Danube.

To-day the scene is transformed. Only bread and sugar are rationed, and that generously. Shops are literally packed with every luxury and necessity, but the authorities are experimenting with deflation, wages remaining modest. Planning seems in the air and appears to be succeeding. There is a war between Church and State over nationalisation of land and secularisation of schools. Both parties are resolute.

FROM beautifully-laid-out Stalin Square events are watched by the occupant of the palatial, marble-filled British Legation, Mr. Alexander Knox Helm, C.M.G., British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Of medium height, thick-set, with grey hair and restless eyes, he is one of the few heads of mission to have begun as a clerk in the second division of the Civil Service. At nineteen this son of a Castle Douglas farmer went into the (then) Board of Education, transferred to the Foreign Office, and was wounded while a gunner in Palestine. Accepted into the Levant Consular Service, he studied Turkish and Arabic for a little over a year, then began as Acting Vice-Consul in Salonika. In 1924, aged thirty-one, he was given local rank as Third Secretary in Constantinople. In Ankara he was concerned with plans for the present British Embassy, the Turkish Government's gift, and lived with the Counsellor on the site, in a wooden shack that still stands.

Helm returned to London, to the Eastern Department, in October 1930, on promotion to Consul. For a year he was attached to the Imperial Defence College, and then went as Consul to Addis Ababa, 9000 ft. above sea-level. Both Italian chiefs, Graziani and the Duke of Aosta, left a favourable impression on him.

AS he boarded the Mauretania in Southampton to travel to the Washington Embassy, the paper boys shouted the news of the sinking of the Athenia. The war had really begun. Helm was concerned with economic warfare, watching that goods did not elude the British blockade and slip into enemy hands. He was now enjoying local rank as First Secretary and then Counsellor. With Pearl Harbour, the Americans took over the work and Helm arrived in Ankara in August 1942, a dramatic moment in Anglo-Turkish relations. Two years ago he reached Hungary as Political Representative, and on September 17th last he assumed his present title.



One of the supper parties: Miss Idina Probyn (chairman of the Junior Committee), Mr. Savill Steven, Mrs. Savill Steven, Lt. Dighton Probyn, 23rd Hussars (late of Probyn's Horse), Mrs. Cedric Cowan and Capt. Cedric Cowan, R.A. The Ball, organised by the Women's Adjustment Board, was held to raise funds for a residential club for elderly ladies

Guests at the Olympic Ball



At another table were Dr. Stuart Thompson, Miss Bobby Jordan, Miss Gloria Tillotson and Mr. David Stuart Thompson



Mr. Michael Brandon talking to Miss Ruth Coat. The Ball was held at the Dorchester



Sr. A. M. Christopherson, Second Counsellor at the Argentine Embassy, and Mrs. Nation were also among the guests



Mrs. R. M. Wood, Mr. W. H. C. Wood, Mr. Francis Wood, Mr. Douglas, and Miss Jean Wood



Mr. Stanley Newbold and Mrs. William Lennard were two more present at this very successful event

INDEPENDENCE DAY RECEPTION

Followed by a Dinner and Ball Given by the U.S. Ambassador



Mrs. Attlee and Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, greatly amused by an observation of the Prime Minister's at the reception, which was held in the garden of the Ambassador's house at Prince's Gate



H.E. General Kaiser, the Nepalese Ambassador, and the Rani Kaiser, who are shortly returning to Nepal, and Mr. H. A. Marquand, Minister of Pensions



H.E. Mrs. Lewis Douglas, wife of the Ambassador, with Major-Gen. Clayton Bissell, retiring U.S. Military Attaché, and Cdre. Tully Shelley, U.S. Naval Attaché, at the Dorchester, where the dinner and ball were held



A distinguished Hollywood visitor to Britain, Ingrid Bergman, was also at the reception



Mrs. Robert Meyersberg, of Connecticut, was one of the U.S. visitors to London who were at Prince's Gate



Miss Felicia Warburg and Miss Jill Warburg, daughters of Mr. Paul F. Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy



Princess Marie Louise speaking at the dinner recently given by the Women's Adjustment Board for Lady Waddilove, one of the Board's founder vice-presidents. About 200 guests were present and the Princess also read a message from the Lord Mayor of London and presented to Lady Waddilove an illuminated address and a silver salver

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: The Autumn Session of Parliament begins this year on September 14th, which is much earlier than usual. Once again it is to be opened in State by His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, and means a curtailment of the Royal stay on Deeside this year. Because of the constitutional importance of the short session during which the Parliament Bill is to be debated, the King naturally wishes to be in London during the discussions, and it is therefore unlikely in the extreme that he will return North after the opening, though a week-end shooting at Sandringham may well be among Royal plans for the beginning of the autumn. Present indications are that the Court will leave London at the end of the first week of August for Balmoral.

Her Majesty has promised to attend the Edinburgh Festival, which, to judge by advance bookings in the Scottish capital, has bright prospects again this year. Expectations are that the Queen will travel down to Edinburgh from Balmoral about September 8th, and stay a few days with her sister at Carberry Towers until the King comes south on September 12th or 13th, when she will join him on his way to London.

IN the big crowd of guests at the Royal Garden Party (of which pictures and further details will be found on pages 80 and 81) I saw the Duchess of Marlborough, with the Marquess of Blandford, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill and Lady Caroline Thynne, Mrs. Arthur Paget and her débutante daughter Rosalind, whom she presented to the Queen, and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenland, who told me they were sailing next day for their home in Wellington, New Zealand, and were looking forward to the Royal visit next spring. Mr. Greenland is managing director of the Union Steamship Company, and

has been in England placing orders for new vessels for the company. Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp brought their daughter Patricia, Lady Anne Rhys and her husband were greeting friends, as were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Colonel Ronnie Johnson and his very attractive wife, and Lord George Scott and his wife. Queen Mary stopped and had a few words with Lord and Lady Ebbisham on her way into tea, and near by I saw Lady Belper, Lady Viola Dundas and her sister, Lady Lavinia Green, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grimston and their daughter Rose.

The stage was represented by Miss Eileen Herlie, who said she was flying up to Edinburgh next morning to see the theatre where she will be appearing during the Edinburgh Festival next month, and Dame Sybil Thorndike with her husband, Sir Lewis Casson.

* * *

LITERALLY thousands of guests went to the Independence Day reception at the American Embassy residence in Prince's Gate. It took the form of a garden party, and on the terrace Mrs. Lewis Douglas received the visitors with Commodore Tully Shelley and Major-General Clayton Bissell. Without the slightest sign of fatigue she stood for nearly four hours receiving everyone with her ready smile and cheerful greeting.

The American Ambassador, who was engaged in conferences at the Foreign Office, did not join her until the early evening, when the Prime Minister also arrived with Mrs. Attlee and Miss Felicity Attlee, who were escorted out on the lawn by Mr. Paul Warburg and Miss Sharman Douglas, who had worked energetically all the afternoon helping her mother entertain their guests. These included many members of the Diplomatic Corps, members of both Houses of Parliament, the U.S. colony in London and their friends and many of the American clergy over here for the Lambeth Conference, who came to the party with their wives. Among these I met the Rt. Rev. H. K. Sherrill, presiding

Bishop of the Protestant and Episcopal Church of the United States, the Rt. Rev. T. H. Wright, Bishop of East Carolina, with his wife, the Rt. Rev. and Mrs. B. D. Tucker, who come from Ohio, and the Rt. Rev. A. R. McKinstry, Bishop of Delaware, accompanied by Mrs. McKinstry, who told me this was their first visit to England, and that they planned to go on a tour of Europe when the conference ended.

MANY people were greeting Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, who has just arrived in this country as chief of Economic and Co-operative Administration in London; he was at the party with his charming wife and daughter Margot. I saw Capt. and Mrs. John Bartling Pearson, of the U.S. Navy, chatting to Mrs. Alfred Du Pont, the quiet and delightful American benefactress, who had a group of friends around her all the afternoon. This, she told me, was her first visit to England since 1937, and during her stay she planned a visit to Scotland. General Leonard, the newly-appointed U.S. Military Attaché, was at the party with his wife, and other Americans I saw included Mr. Frederic P. Bartlett, the economic expert who is First Secretary at the Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones and Mr. and Mrs. David Thomasson.

In the sunshine I also saw the Soviet Ambassador, the Nepalese Ambassador and the Rani Kaiser, the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, looking very smart in grey, M. Berckemeyer, the Norwegian Ambassador with Mme. Prebensen, who was wearing a lovely steel-grey faille dress and large black hat, their daughter Evie, Sir Noel and Lady Charles, the latter chic in a large yellow straw hat, Earl and Countess Beatty, Col. Reynolds-Veitch, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. Raymond and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Admiral Mackintosh, who is shortly off to America on duty, chatting to Miss Susan Warren Pearl and Major Norman Fraser, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, with Air Marshal Sir Hugh and Lady Saunders, and Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, who arrived as

I was leaving this very enjoyable annual party.

As they were being married in Gloucestershire, which is quite a long journey for guests to make, Earl St. Aldwyn and Miss Diana Mills had a pre-wedding reception at Claridge's when hundreds of friends came along to wish them happiness. The bride, who wore a dress with two-tiered pleated skirt, on which she wore a diamond brooch and a spray of orchids, received the guests with her mother, Mrs. Henry Mills, and Earl St. Aldwyn. Among their many friends from the racing world at this party were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter looking lovely in the bonnet hat and well-tailored dress she had worn at Ascot, Major and Mrs. Phil Cripps, in a corner chatting to Lord and Lady George Scott, also the Countess of Durham, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves-Broughton, Mrs. Harry Misa with her daughter Kit, and Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

Others there included Mr. and Mrs. Vivien Cornelius, Lady Ley, with Miss Julia Cotter, and Viscountess Boyle, very pretty in black chatting to Mr. Gavin Welby; she told me she expected her husband, who is in the Irish Guards, home from Palestine next month. Also there were the Hon. John and Mrs. Yarde Buller, Miss Jean Harrop, Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, answering enquiries about their three-month-old son and heir (they are off soon to their home in Italy), Lord and Lady Huntingfield, Mr. and Mrs. John Daubeney, the Marchioness of Northampton, Lady Susan Hicks-Beach with Lady Victoria Hicks-Beach, and many more I have no room to mention.

MORE than 700 guests were present at the wedding a few days later, which took place at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Coln St. Aldwyn, when the bride wore a dress of white Brussels lace and a voluminous tulle veil, held in place by a diamond tiara. She was given away by her cousin, Lord Hillingdon, and was attended by six pages and eight little girl bridesmaids in long white organdie dresses with puff sleeves and blue-and-white sashes. The reception was held at the bridegroom's home, Williamstrip Park, where the bride's mother, Mrs. Mills, wearing a beige dress, received the guests.

To mention just a few at the wedding, I saw Lady Delia Dilwyn-Venables-Llewellyn, the bridegroom's sister, with her little bridesmaid daughter, Mrs. Stephen Player, Lady Patricia Hibbert, the Countess Cadogan, Lady Apsley, Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their bridesmaid daughter Lady Malvina Murray, and Capt. John Rankin, who was best man. The bride left for their honeymoon, which is being spent abroad, wearing a dress of blue-and-white spotted tie silk and a blue straw hat.

ONE of the gayest and most enjoyable dances of this season was given jointly by three exceptionally good-looking mothers for their débutante daughters, who have all happily inherited their mothers' good looks. These were Pamela Countess of Aylesford, wearing a dress of grey pleated chiffon, with her daughter Judy Dugdale, in a lovely dress of white faille; Madam Fitz-Gerald, wife of the 28th Knight of Glin, wearing a dress of eau-de-nil and silver brocade, with her daughter Fiola, who wore silver and white brocade; and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, in a lovely white chiffon dress embroidered in gold, with her daughter Romaine, wearing white tulle with pale-pink roses. The three hostesses with their daughters received the endless stream of over five hundred guests at the top of the wide staircase.

There were many large dinner parties before the dance, and among those who brought guests were the Earl and Countess of Rosse, Col. and Mrs. Paget, Lady Peggy Hoare, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Mr. and Mrs. Niall Chaplin, Lady Eden, Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, Mrs. Robert Morris; Lady Gifford Fox, Lady Coryton and the Hon. James and Mrs. Philipps, who had also given a dance for their daughter Penelope a few nights before. Other dinner parties were given by Madam Fitz-Gerald's cousin Viscount Wimborne with Viscountess Wimborne, and her cousin the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney, also Mrs. Drury's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, and their cousin Viscount French, with Viscountess French.

AMONG other members of these families I saw at the dance were Commander James Dugdale, who must have felt proud of his daughter Judy, who looked sweet and was so obviously enjoying her dance, as also was Romaine Drury, who told me afterwards she had enjoyed every moment of the evening. Judy's grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry, was greeting many friends, and so were the Dowager Viscountess Chelmsford, Lord Rodney, who brought his daughter Diana, the Hon. Oscar Guest and the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest.

It was a hot night, and guests could enjoy sitting out on the balconies overlooking Hyde Park. Among those whom I saw dancing energetically were Mme. Massigli, in a Pierre Balmain dress of black lace and white tulle, Miss Anne Clifford with Mr. Jeremy Elwes, Lord Wilton partnering Miss Belinda Bellville, Miss Philippa Hunloke dancing with Lord Hambleden, Signora Mati Giro, an attractive Spanish girl, dancing with the Hon. Philip Kindersley, and Lord Carnegie partnering Miss Virginia Pearson. Other pretty girls I saw dancing were Miss Neelia Plunket, Miss Beverley Pearson, Miss Monica Battine, Miss Jackie Muller, who was just off to Scotland for a week, Miss Venetia Fane, Miss Juliet Sherbrooke, Lady Caroline Campbell, dancing with Mr. David Lloyd Thomas, and Miss Gina Fox, dancing with Mr. Patrick Forbes.



Major-General L. A. Hawes, Secretary-General of the Red Cross Society, with Lady Waddilove at the dinner given in her honour at the Dorchester

Among the young men I saw dancing were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, whose mother, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, was one of the dinner hostesses, Lord Fairfax, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, the Hon. Luke White, Sir Anthony Weldon, the Hon. John Warrender, Mr. David Metcalfe, Major David Dixon, Mr. Stephen Hornung and Mr. Colin Balfour. There were many couples still enjoying this very good party when it ended soon after 4 a.m., including Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, who were catching a plane to fly to Paris at 8 a.m.

TWO big Charity Balls were recently held at the Dorchester on consecutive nights. The first was the Outward Bound Ball, in aid of the Trust of this name. During the evening, the Duke of Edinburgh, who takes a great interest in the Trust, paid a brief visit and danced with his hostess, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, who had a party of eighteen at her table. Among others dancing were the Nepalese Ambassador with his lovely wife the Rani Kaiser, the Syrian Minister and Mme. al-Armanazi, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Brigid Mansfield, Lady Sherwood, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Miss Unamary Nepean Gubbins dancing with the Hon. Martin Buckmaster, the Countess of Euston in a party of six, and Miss Christina Benn, partnering Mr. John Morrell.

The following night was the Olympic Ball, for which Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch was chairman. She also had a big party at her table, including M. Labougle, the Argentine Ambassador, whom I saw dancing with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Charles and Lady Kavanagh and their daughter, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, and Sir Giles Loder with his attractive wife, who told me they hope to spend a lot of time sailing this year with their two small sons, who are already keen on the sea. Others who brought parties included Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Washington Singer, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth, Lady Waddilove and Mrs. Douglas Timins.



Mr. W. F. Patrick-Smith with Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary



Lt.-Col. J. Reynolds-Veitch, who was also a guest at the dinner, talking to H.H. Princess Marie Louise

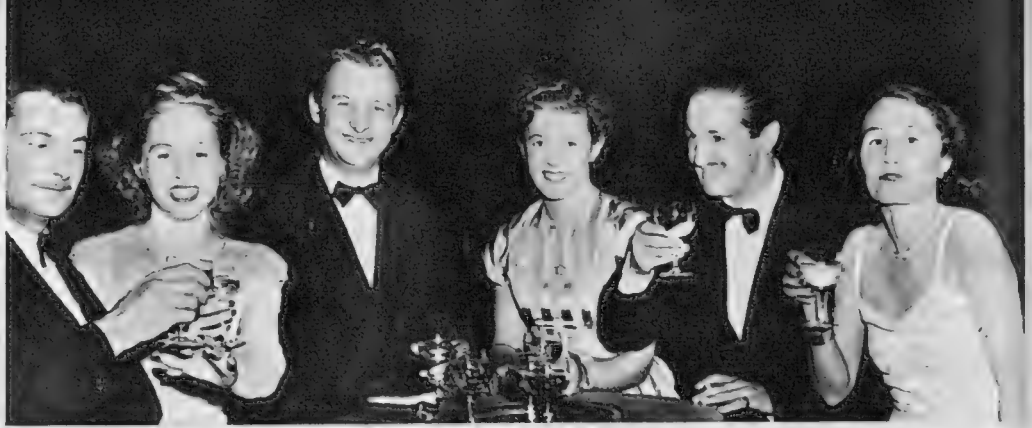


Vice-Admiral Sir Gilbert Stephenson, Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Mr. Walter Hutchinson and Viscountess Gaheay

Lady Waddilove's Work for Charity is Recognised by a Dinner and Presentation

THE FIRST BACHELORS' BALL SINCE 1912

In 1912 the bachelors of Brockenhurst, Hants., gave a ball in reply to a challenge by their spinster sisters. After a lapse of thirty-six years, and with the Spinsters' Ball well-established as a post-war event, the bachelors recently awoke to the renewed challenge. Their event was attended by many of the leading figures of the district, and promises to hold its own triumphantly as an annual date



A party obviously enjoying the occasion: Mr. and Mrs. R. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blanchard, Mr. S. Blanchard and Mrs. Gerard Coombe. The ball was held in the Morant Hall



Mr. A. J. Braithwaite, Mr. J. M. Scott (Hon. Treasurer) and Mr. L. St. Clare-Byrne, with their most eloquent emblem



Mrs. Orteiler dancing with Mr. A. J. Braithwaite, chairman of the ball



Miss Peggy Braithwaite and Mr. Charles Harris St. John were two more present



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who is the third baron, with Miss Isla Rivett-Carnac



A happy sextet consisted of (in front) Miss Ann Delamain, Mrs. Richard Moore and Miss Susan Osborne; and (behind) Lt. Charles Hodgson, R.N., Lt. Richard Moore, R.N., and Mr. Richard Creagh-Osborne



Miss Sheelagh Maturin-Baird and Mr. D. W. Stratton were also among the guests



Major and Mrs. J. B. Phipps appreciated the bachelors' efficiency and excellent organisation

EARL ST. ALDWYN MARRIES MISS DIANA MILLS

Earl St. Aldwyn, second holder of the title, recently married Miss Diana Mills, only daughter of the late Mr. Henry Mills and of Mrs. Mills, of Charles Street, Berkeley Square, at the church of St. John the Baptist, Coln St. Aldwyn, Gloucestershire. The bride was attended by eight child bridesmaids and six pages, and was given away by her cousin, Lord Hillingdon, while Capt. John Rankin was best man. A full description of the wedding by Jennifer will be found on page 75



The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Sturt, daughter of Lord Hillingdon, with her son Gerard Sturt, a page



Countess Cadogan with her bridesmaid daughter, Lady Daphne Cadogan



Earl St. Aldwyn carries his bride across the threshold of their home, Williamstrip Park, where the reception was held. The bride's dress was that worn by the bridegroom's mother at her wedding



Lady Delia Llewellyn with Lady Susan and Lady Victoria Hicks-Beach at the pre-wedding reception at Claridges



Lady Ley and Miss Julia Cotter were also at the London reception



The Earl and Countess of Mansfield at Williamstrip Park with their daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, who was another of the bridesmaids



Mrs. Heriot-Maitland with Lady Loder, wife of Sir Giles Loder, Bt., who came up from Sussex

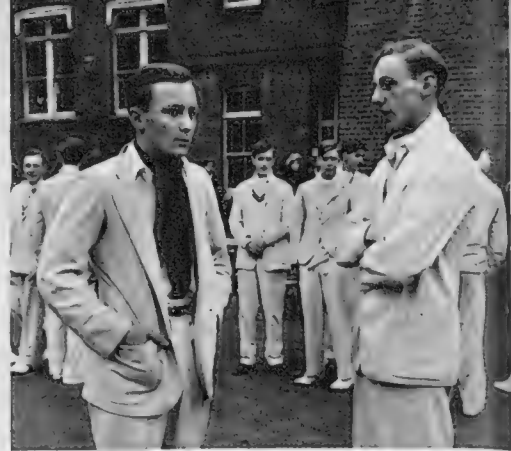


The bride is photographed, watched admiringly by two young guests, John and Victoria Bennett

Swaebe

Eton Draw with Harrow at Lord's

One of the Most Exciting Finishes for Many Years



The two captains, G. C. Hoyer-Millar (Harrow) and T. Hare (Eton), discuss weather prospects



Miss Elizabeth Hopper, Mr. J. O. Hopper and Miss Sarah Millar were other spectators



Lord Hambleden, an Eton supporter, with Miss J. Blake and his sister, the Hon. Laura Smith



Mrs. T. H. Read, Miss Sheila McCracken and Miss Pamela Firkins enjoy an amusing conversation



Spectators at the match, some watching from the traditional stage-coaches. After much misfortune, Harrow's last two batsmen kept the game going until extra time had been played



Col. and Mrs. R. Johnston on arrival to see the first day's play



Mr. Thomas Crowe escorting Miss Antoinette Kirkwood across the ground



Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Turner watching Eton's very bright first innings



Mr. John Kyle with Mrs. John Whitty-Craddock (Frances Dule, the writer)



Miss Marion Tibbett and Mr. Joseph Severn leaving for luncheon



Captain Skewes-Cox and Miss Conway-Gordon were also present



Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Martin, Miss Gandar Dower and Mr. Wolseley



Mrs. Max Muller arriving with Lady Grenfell, wife of Lord Grenfell, the second baron

Dance at Knightsbridge

Given by Pamela Countess of Aylesford, Madam Fitz-Gerald
and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury for their Daughters



Four of the guests, Mr. John Bonsor (9th Lancers), Miss Sheila Duke, Miss Cicely Lambert and Mr. Adrian Cadbury. The dance was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mr. Keith Egleston and Miss Rosemary Vesey Holt. Jennifer describes the dance on page 75



Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, wife of Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, chatting with Mr. David Yorke

Priseilla in Paris

Grand Prix and Grande Nuit

As a would-be wag remarked: "A hundred-thousand racegoers thronged to Longchamp to watch fourteen horses run the Grand Prix; but would fourteen horses trouble to cross their stable-yard to see a hundred-thousand sightseers marathon round a track?" This might be the explanation of that which is called "horse-sense."

What Suzy Volterra—who looked too lovely in words in black lace, with an immense Le Monnier picture hat tied under her pretty chin—wants to know is: which half of My Love did the most work. The Aga Khan's or her husband's? However, taking the halves lengthways, from nostrils to tail, rather than setting the dividing line round the middle, she decided it was a case of "fifty-fifty."

THE joint owners are lucky men. It was not the first time that Léon Volterra has won the Grand Prix—his Admiral Drake, with Steve Donoghue up, carried off the race in 1934 (the Admiral was subsequently sold to the near relation of a famous admiral in England)—but it is certainly the first time, I believe, that the same horse and the same owners have won the Derby and the Grand Prix in the same year and month.

The new, model racing-stables and stud-farm that Léon Volterra is building in Normandy, not far from his old quarters at Bois Roussel, where, during the war, the Comte de Rochefort extended hospitality to his stud, will be able to have solid gold and silver equipment if Léon goes on piling up wins like this; Suzy will continue to dazzle us with more and more exquisite frocks; the Théâtre de Paris—Léon's other "hobby"—will produce plays more lavishly than ever; and all this will enchant their many friends.

It was difficult, so great was the crowd, to see the lovely frocks that were worn at Longchamp. I glimpsed the Maharane of Baroda in a Nile-green sari, with a silver border; the Princesse d'Arenberg in foulard, black and white on lavender blue, and a straw hat veiled

with blue; the Princesse Robert de Broglie wore a beige linen tailored suit and a straw beret to match; and from a distance I think I recognised Lady Lovat, Lady Sudeley and Lady Lavinia Green: what they wore was beyond me, but their hats were charming.

THE Grande Nuit de Paris, with floodlit illuminations, the *Garde Républicaine*, in its white pants, polished boots and helmets, has at last—and very grandly—closed the interminable series of charity galas that we have both enjoyed and suffered for the past month. It has netted more than 16,000,000 francs for the U.N.A.C. When Charles Boyer—who also presented the visiting stars from Hollywood—announced these figures, we were deafened by the clamour that went up.

Despite the wettest weather we have had any day or night this summer, the whole affair was a tremendous success. Thousands of sightseers crushed in where hundreds were expected. Such frocks. Such tails. Such aigrettes and such white ties.

PRESIDENT AURIOL loved the circus. The "Big Top" was erected under the Eiffel Tower, and the rain miraculously held off during the performance. The gayest moment of the entertainment was when eight elephants, dressed by the most famous Paris couturiers, presented the New Look!

Amongst the visiting stars were Ingrid Bergman, Rita Hayworth, Patricia Roc, Eileen Herlie, Hedy Lamarr and Lily Pons, who sang, accompanied by her husband, André Kostelanetz. A dinner that took place on the first platform of the Eiffel Tower preceded the performance that

was followed by dancing, which lasted till dawn.

After this, Paris and the dwellers therein deserve a rest and a change of air. Deauville and the Riviera (not to mention the Farm-on-the-Island) will cope with the change of air... but one is not so sure of the "rest" at the first-mentioned resort, at all events.

Voilà!

● The stationmaster blows his whistle and the train glides away into the far distance. His little dog, who has been trained to come when called, looks up at him and says: "Can't you teach it to obey?"



Vicomte d'Orthez exchanges views with H.E. Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador



Lady Caroline Thynne, debutante daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, sitting out with Lord Dunboyne



The King, in naval uniform, talking to his guests. Left centre (holding grey hat) is the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon

FIRST GARDEN PARTY OF THE SEASON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



Miss Eileen Herlie, the actress, wore an outfit after Renoir

AGAINST a very grey sky, the Royal Standard fluttered in the strong wind over Buckingham Palace as guests assembled in the gardens of the Palace for the first Royal Garden Party of this season. In spite of the inclement weather there were some hardy guests who wore the traditional flimsy garden-party dress with no coat, but in most cases the women guests wore short fur coats or boleros, or long coats, and several had full-length fur coats over their dresses.

At a few minutes past four, their Majesties the King and Queen, the latter in a hyacinth-blue-and-white patterned dress under a fox coat, and white straw hat trimmed with tulle to match, came out on to the lawns with Princess Margaret, who looked charming in blue with a halo hat. Queen Mary was also in blue, and others of the Royal Family present were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, lovely in a dress of mole-coloured spotted tie silk with a pleated skirt and a silver fox coat and large black hat.

With them were members of the Household, including the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Airliie, Lt.-Col. Sir Terence Nugent, Brigadier Norman Gwatkin, Mr. Arthur Penn, Commander Colin Buist, Helen Duchess of Sutherland, in the same steel-grey dress she had worn at the Holyrood presentation party, Lady Katherine Seymour and Mabel Countess of Airliie, in fawn with touches of nigger brown.

The Royal party were joined in the Royal tea marquee by members of the Corps Diplomatique, including the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Argentine Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Verduynen, the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies and the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zaid el Hussein. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, with two of their daughters, also joined the Royal party for tea.

Jennifer



Miss Barbara Lamidey arriving with her sister, Miss Margaret Lamidey



Mr. and Mrs. J. A. C. Robertson were also among those who were at the Party



Lt.-Col. Sir Basil Bartlett, Bt., the author and playwright, with Lady Bartlett



Lt.-Gen. and Miss O'Brien of Johannesburg were among the overseas guests



Major M. Clifford, one of the Army officers invited, arriving with his wife



Capt. V. James, R.N., and Mrs. James, who wore a most attractive summer ensemble



Flying Officer and Mrs. Gray were another Services couple at the Party



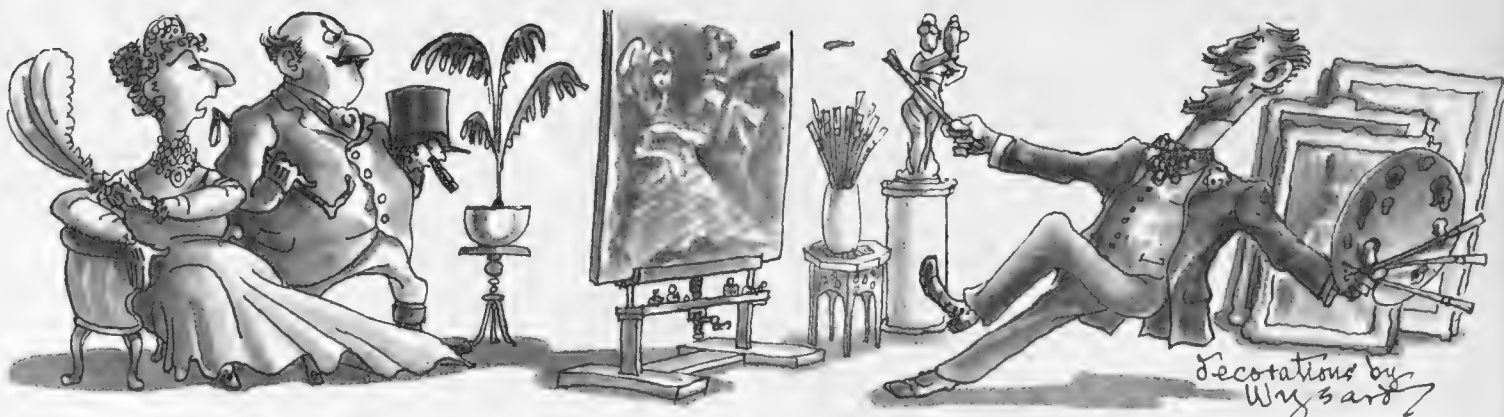
The Navy was also represented by Lt. A. Moore, who too was accompanied by his wife



Captain Bateson, R.N., with Mrs. and Miss Bateson. There were six thousand guests at the Party, and several members of the Norwegian Parliament were presented to the King and Queen



Maltese guests arriving: Miss Maryuan Kissaun, Mrs. Joseph Galea, Dr. Joseph Galea, Miss Agatha Barbara (member of the Legislative Assembly), Mrs. Roger Ellul, Mr. Roger Ellul and Mr. Edward Ellul (Commissioner General)



"Sargent came up at intervals against pans . . . which made him reel"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

TOSSING the old corkscrew curls and giving the old bombazine bustle a saucy twirl, Auntie *Times* boasted the other day that chaps in Dar-es-Salaam had lately been able to absorb her pronouncements on Life and Affairs within 36 hours by air from London.

And (Auntie could have added) chaps in Dar-es-Salaam are in the ideal receptive condition, being slightly dizzy from heat, glare, dust, fever, sand, flies, gin, and odd-looking faces of every tint, and having a constant singing in the ears, due to tossing back large daily shots of quinine. This condition, in our experience, makes Auntie's least exciting announcement dance and glitter before fevered eyeballs like something out of the Arabian Nights.

MR. R. C. B. ALRASCHID-BILKINSON AND MISS P. D. M. DJINN-FRENCH.

The marriage took place in London, very quietly, on a magic carpet, in the presence of 500 camels, of Reginald ("Buster") Cassim Baba, eldest son of Sir George and Lady Haroun Alraschid-Bilkinson, and Pamela Desert Moon, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. P. Djinn-French, the Dean of Bokhara officiating. Among the wedding presents was a gift of 500 Circassian dancing-girls from the Emir of Kensington. . . .

Quinine also brings on a heavy sweat, which opens the pores after perusal of the Third Leader and is generally beneficial. Boy, return this loofah to the Assistant Deputy Commissioner, with our compliments. Yessah.

Ordeal

FLITTING recently into one of those low dives where artists spend their crapulous leisure—always excepting our Mr. Wysard, who devotes blameless evenings to Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*—we found Bohemia of opinion that the most ruthless Academy picture of the year is that portrait of our beloved Prime Minister crouching like a tiger at his desk.

Goya's famous group of Charles IV of Spain and his family is usually cited as Art's most cynical effort to date, but to some extent this seems to be wish-thinking. The smooth, glossy boys, like Sargent and De Lászlo, sometimes convey satire quite admirably, in our unfortunate view; especially Sargent, whom one can almost see ducking from some of his opulent clients to laugh his head off in the dressing-room. Like most portraitists, Sargent came up at intervals against pans, Aryan and other, which made him reel, and as with most portraitists, his laughter was probably hysterical. A distinguished Scots painter who recently dashed off a crayon-sketch of our own features did not laugh, we observed, but bit his lip till the blood came.

It is this kind of ordeal which makes so many of the Chelsea boys slovenly, unclean, adulterous, offensive, bibulous, and given to relating endless, unamusing stories, maybe. No offence.

Razz

TOASTMASTERS need to modernise their technique, we thought, meditating on that recent Guildhall dinner where the toastmaster sternly ticked off several fretful citizens for razzing a Cabinet orator. Those stentorian boys don't seem to know that the Boa-Constrictor Era is over.

We remember a public dinner of the past where the audience was in such a total state of coma, bursting with rich food and wine, that it didn't even notice that the principal orator, an eminent statesman, was himself nicely plastered. To expect old-time acquiescence from modern after-dinner audiences, practically fasting and therefore dangerous, is absurd. Toastmasters should remember to consult the Chairman as they announce the first speaker. E.g.:

TOAST: My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, pray silence for the Right Honourable the Minister—what was the dinner like, Charley?

CHAIR: Utterly loathsome, Fred.

TOAST: D'you think the dopes will stand this incredible cretin?

CHAIR: I doubt it.

TOAST: My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, pray *relative* silence for (etc., etc.).

What toastmasters have never been able to understand, even in the Boa-Constrictor Era, is why audiences should be there at all. Their presence is due to conditions at home, a social worker was telling us.

Stigma

IT is not so long since an Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to one of his sons, who had been invited to dine with an actor (a Mr. Henry Irving), warning him that promiscuity of this kind would do him no good with decent people if the rumour got around. To-day the stigma would more likely fall the other way.

Another sign of the times is the fact that even journalists go in and out by the front-door nowadays. We don't think this is—as a gossip has been proudly implying—one more triumph for Democracy, we simply think we inky boys have worn rich women's resistance down. They don't much mind seeing us about the house now. In fact, rich women have ceased to care very much about anything. Poets, monkeys, dogs, actors, politicians, healers, clowns, journalists, thinkers—they see us all milling and chattering round, and give a fretful shrug and close their eyes. What *does* it matter?

Pioneer

THAT American lawn-tennis ace who lay down several times on the Centre Court during a match ("to think," as he explained to the Press later) may be the pioneer of a new school of Nordic philosophy.

What puts the Race off thinking is the superstition that thinking can be done only in an upright or a sitting position, which hurts like the devil even then. Thinking can be done in any position. One of the B.B.C.'s most prominent thinkers does it when hanging by his toes from the ceiling, one of his disciples tells us. It is this, presumably, which gives him the ghastly appearance of Nietzsche's Aunt Maudie in Hell.

Another thing which makes the Race avoid thought like the plague is a traditional confusion between thinking and stinking. A fine passage in Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* implies the distinction:

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

I never know what you are thinking. Think.

It is easy to discover what a given thinker is stinking of (Parma violets, in the case of Third Programme aces), but far from easy to discover what a given stinker is thinking of. You get the difference? No? Damn.

Smoke

APROPOS* smoking, which a tobacco-authority claims is, on the increase:

Two cigars a day at 9d. apiece, calculated Barrie in *My Lady Nicotine* (1893), come to £27/7/6 yearly, and four ounces of tobacco a week at 9/- a pound come to £5/17 yearly, making £33/4/6 in all, or the price of one or two Oriental rugs for the drawing-room, "as well as a Spring bonnet and a new dress." The figures for 1948, calculated on exactly the same scale, come to £327/10/0.

We've left out such trifles as income-tax, which in 1893 was 7d. in the pound, and all cost-of-living adjustments. The conclusion is that it was easier to give up smoking and get married in 1893, though when you look at women's photographs of the period you hesitate. Fashionable stage and Society beauties look as if they are hiding a cane behind their hideous skirts to hit you severely with.

Anyway, chaps apparently gave up smoking and married them, or where would you be now? Hey? As a poetess of the period remarked:

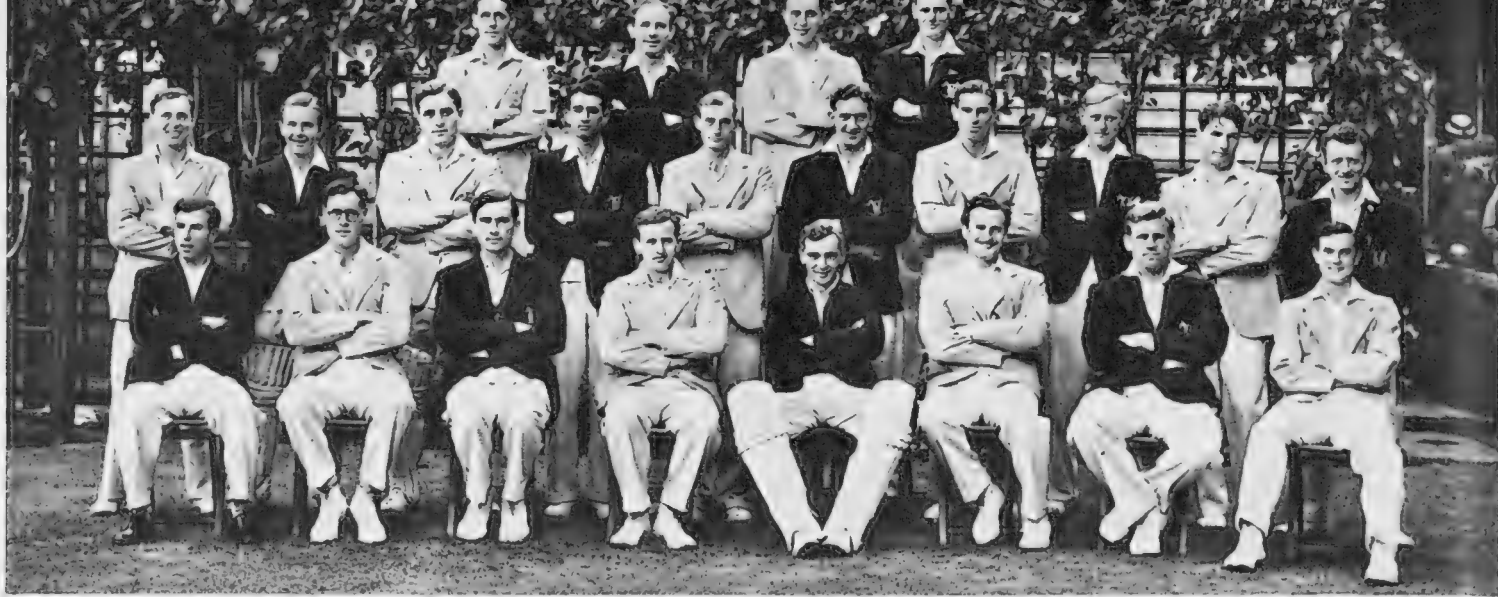
Where did you come from, Baby dear,
Out of the Everywhere into here?

That should make you think, you old wistfuls.





PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S "DRAGON"-CLASS YACHT, given to her by the Island Sailing Club, Cowes, as a wedding present, out on sail-stretching trials in the Solent. She is painted Royal blue with a red sheer line, and her tiller, presented by the R.N. Dockyard, Chatham, bears part of Princess Elizabeth's coat of arms, the Royal monogram and a Naval crown. Her helmsman will be Lt.-Cdr. Michael Crichton, a friend of the Duke of Edinburgh, and it is hoped that the Duke himself will take part in racing this season if his Service engagements permit



The Oxford and Cambridge Teams which played the University match at Lord's, resulting in a win for Oxford by an innings and eight runs. Oxford are wearing dark coats. Behind: T. E. Bailey, W. W. Davidson, G. H. G. Daggart, C. B. Van Ryneveld. Middle: B. C. Elgood, Ii. E. Webb, D. J. Insole, A. H. Kardar, B. J. K. Pryer, A. W. H. Mallett, J. R. Urquhart, C. E. Winn, J. G. Dewes and H. B. Robinson. Front: W. G. Keighley, J. Pepper, P. A. Whitcombe, J. M. Mills (Cambridge captain), H. A. Pauson (Oxford captain), W. H. Griffiths, B. H. Travers and G. M. Shuttleworth

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

WHAT between all this most unpleasant radio-activity; one of our staying hopes getting beaten over his pet distance by an almost-unheard-of Leger outsider; stories from people back from America and Ireland of how their queasie tummies were handsomely defeated by the sirloins, juicy beef-steaks and big mutton-chops, so plentiful in those countries, just dim memories in this one; the trials of the Test Selectors to find people who could take a few off the storming Lindwall and the crafty Toshack; the path we are "set to travel in" is not exactly bestrewn with primroses.

Whether, in addition to all this, we are to be condemned to fight an old-fashioned war, and take all that modern devilry can pile on to us with one of our hands tied behind our back—for we have allowed the obvious antagonist to come so far west that we cannot use the modern implements without laying out those who are not inimicable—is anyone's bet.

Hippodromania

It would be unwise to make too much of Sayajirao's two lengths defeat by the Leger outsider, Alycidon, in the 1½-mile Princess of Wales' Stakes at the Newmarket First July. The Gaekwar of Baroda's strapping four-year-old was giving the winner 19 lb., which works out at 6 lb. more than weight for age, and he had all the rest, including the Frenchman Timor, who was not backed exactly for sixpenny-bits, in spite of his bad crossing by air, well beaten.

I suggest that we do not take Sayajirao off our visiting list, and that we should be a bit chary about believing that Lord Derby's Alycidon must have the Leger in his pocket because he has beaten the winner of last year's Leger. That might be about as profitable as hounds running heel. This warning is desirable, since immediately after this win, Alycidon's price for the Leger contracted by 30 points. This was not justified by the War Report, and I should much doubt if it was so by money. Alycidon won with an abnormal allowance of weight in his favour.

In the meanwhile, it is not quite understandable why there is a tendency in one or two quarters to cast doubt upon My Love's Leger chance. He was not extended when he won our Derby; those who saw the Grand Prix say that he won even more comfortably over the 15 furlongs than he did over the Epsom 12 furlongs, and even if it is granted that Doncaster is a more exacting course than Longchamp, the Grand Prix is nearly a furlong farther than the Leger. It is a kindly act to gild the bitter pill of My Babu's defeat in the Derby, and make

him second favourite for the Leger; but even the rough passage he had does not counter-balance the six lengths or so by which he was beaten, and this particularly in view of My Love's comfortable win in Paris.

If there is a good enough big one in the Leger to go upsides with My Love, he may kill him for stride, and we may see once again what happens to the little boy who tries to keep step with the big policeman; but where at the moment is the policeman? By the time the Leger comes . . . ?

A New Jungle Book?

It is not suggested that anyone should be so unsportsmanlike as to plagiarise Kipling, but I am sure that there is enough material for another book of the jungle from a slightly different angle, and I feel that the adventurous author would only have to ask for a few stories to be overtaken by an avalanche. It is certain that he would start his great work with the one about the angler who had a tight line with a 60-lb. mahseer (India's salmon, according to some people), and who then discovered a King Cobra making a bee-line for him, put his

foot on him and broke his neck; choked a mugger (or crocodile) by shying a rock down his throat; heard a rustling behind him (a tiger) to whom he attended with his revolver, and then gaffed his fish, which, of course, turned out to be not just 60 lb. but 160 lb. The author would then no doubt go on with the well-known occurrence of three tigers with one round, and the python pulled in half by winding his two ends round two very whippy palm trees; and the Tsaine (very wild Burmese bull) who was induced to brain himself by the hunter waggling a red handkerchief over a stone wall (very common objects, of course, in the jungle!). They were supposed to have been built by the Emperor Asoka!

Also Some Others

THIS one, which I am almost sure must be true, because it was told me by a District Commissioner, who was a most enthusiastic tiger-slayer, would demand a place in this new Jungle Book. My old friend said that once when he was out "on district," he had to do part of his job in one of those palatial official launches, almost the size of a destroyer, but much more comfortable. Crossing the Ganges at a point where it was at least three miles wide, the Head Serang, or bo'sun, suddenly appeared and woke up the Commissioner. "Your Honour," he said, "tiger is cswimming river, shall I get Honour's gon?" "Get gon, you ape!" yelled the Commissioner. "Why haven't you brought it already?" There was the tiger, going a nice easy paddle about a cable's-length off the port bow. It looked too dead easy.

Just as the coxswain had laid the ship alongside, His Honour in his excitement dropped his rifle into the "Ditch." "Full astern!" he yelled. "And out grapnel!" To hear was to obey. The Commissioner felt the line of the grapnel go taut. "Full ahead!" he roared. Sure enough, he had hooked his lost weapon through the trigger-guard. To haul in, eject the damp shells and reload was all done in the shake of a duck's tail. He then plugged the tiger just behind the ear, where the mark would not show. He taped 16 feet—"An absolute something record, my boy," the Commissioner said to me, when he told me this hair-raising story.

There was also one about a monkey battle with shillelaghs, but I've no room for it at the moment. They couldn't catch the monkeys, so had to entice them into a Donnybrook by leaving about a lot of bludgeons and a bucket-full of lump sugar. Very neat idea! A New Jungle Book? Ye gods and little fishes, why not?

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Bill . . . bill . . . bill . . . bill . . ."

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 8)

A bird of the diver species, remarkable for the heavy defeathering which occurs during its underwater sojourns

ADULT MALE: General colour above russet, often crested with neatly rolled woolly feathers; shaggily tufted above the eye-sacs, below the beak and to the rear and front of the upper and lower mandibles; beak curved and somewhat rum in appearance; outer coverts blue, inner coverts white, woolly and amusingly long; shanks and feet leathery and played, affording the bird, when upon the land, a most entertaining gait.

HABITS: This member of the Warrior Warbler familie is primarily a sea bird : spending much of its time submerged and frightening observers by its sudden poppings up and down, in and around the sea-girt shores of this island. At times the bird will vanish, completely, for weeks on end beneath the surface of the sea : for what purpose it is difficult to imagine, the bird being most silent and secretive in its ways. As it is apt to appear more hirsute than ever upon its reappearance it can only be conjectured that it submerges itself for the purpose of growing its adult feathers. Although the bird is notoriously silent, its cry may be heard, normally just after it has dived, a kind of " Hoothells-Lefjhdooropen " : followed by its rapid return to the surface where it busies itself in drying its sodden liule feathers.

HABITATS: The Mute Coot although spending most of its time floundering about in the sea, entirely or partly submerged, does return to terra-firma to nest. It may be found roosting on any bar that has a certain proximity to moisture: there it will remain until it, rather rummily, submerges itself again.



The Hairy Submarine Shag—or Mule Coot

(Norodni-Itswotgoesupmustcumdown)

Scoreboard

AND so to Leeds, for the fourth Test match. Australia may have won the Ashes by then; or kept them; or whatever is the correct incineratory term—"Dust to dust, and the Ashes to Australia," as Mr. Douglas Furber murmured in my ear the other day. Either or anyway, who's going to worry? And which Editor of what Journal had a placard printed and hung in the office, running roughly: "To lose at games should not necessarily be regarded as a sign of moral obliquity"?

Leeds, like so many practical towns of the North, is surrounded by beautiful country and hospitable people. There is Ilkley Moor. With or without a hat, I love it. It reminds me of Yorkshire cricket teams, off duty in a rainy hour, singing in their dressing-room, partly because they felt that way, partly to comfort forthcoming victims in our batting list; wicket-keeper Arthur Dolphin, bowlers George Macaulay and Emmott Robinson, all-rounder (when necessary) Bill Bowes, Maurice Leyland (the only); all in merry harmony under the steady and not unapproving eye of choirmaster Wilfred Rhodes.

BIG BILL BOWES lives on the Moor itself. He leaves it, at times, to write on these Test matches of to-day, in his shrewd and kindly

manner, as is the habit of those who have done great things in Tests and know triumph and disaster for the impostors they are. It was Bowes who, when another young Yorkshireman, Len Hutton, had scored 364, helped not a little to finish the work against Australia at the Oval ten years ago—7 wickets for 74 runs. It was Bowes, too, who four years before that, knocked back Bradman's wicket when it seemed that the maestro Donald George had taken the Life Freedom of the Leeds ground. Not to mention W. H. Ponsford, the Melbourne thunderer. Ponsford and Bradman used to shadow each other on the climb to the sun of fame.



farewell it is. "No rose but fades; no glory but must pass," as the poet sang; admittedly of a lady, unconnected with cricket. Or is it, rather, not farewell, but a Farewell Performance? After the agreeable and familiar fashion of the Prima Donna, who starts her Good-bye at twenty-nine, and is still considering the point, in four flats, at thirty-nine plus—"How can I live without you? How can I let you go?"—may we hope that the

Don will imitate the Donna? We always admired his batting; now, at odd moments, we almost love it; for he sometimes gets out. Once we feared him, as a god not to be placated by the burnt offerings of batsmen or the immolation of many bowlers. Now we see, in glimpses, a human replica of ourselves; snicking; playing in one direction while the ball goes in another; and laughing outright at these humorous feats. In glimpses, I said. Maybe it was a mirage. Maybe we shall be knowing; soon; already, as the Irish say.

VERY moral reflection. The Olympic Games are about. Let's add to the Editor's placard in Paragraph One above, and remark that to lose at running, jumping, or whatnot-ing, should not necessarily be regarded as a sign of racial decay.

I remember an interesting occurrence in some school sports not more, nor less, than twenty-five years ago. A visiting parent decided, on entirely personal grounds, to enter uninvited into the Long Jump (Senior). He wore a natty blue suit and white spats. The jumping-pit consisted of an experiment in black and adhesive matter. He fell in it, face downwards. We thought very highly of the exhibition.

R.C. Robertson - Glasgow.



Swabe

Viscount and Viscountess Bridport with their four-months-old son, the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood, at their home in Hampshire. The Viscount is also Duke of Brontë in Sicily, and has extensive estates there. By lineage he is connected with two of our greatest naval figures, Nelson and Hood, and himself served in the Navy during the war

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Whispering Hill"

"Blood Money"

"British Hospitals"

"The Bedside Shakespeare"

WHETHER in drama or fiction, one theme never seems to exhaust itself—the possessive mother! One must, I fear, take it that this lady is no less operative in real life—why else should her wiles be followed, by successions of audiences, by thousands of readers, with such fascinated, almost morbid, attention? The possessive mother is a sure-fire subject. This time she has imposed herself on Martha Albrand, who, in *Whispering Hill* (Chatto and Windus; 9s. 6d.), gives us a thrilling version of her.

I say "thrilling" advisedly. One associates Martha Albrand with a taut style, swift, moving action and clear-cut scenes: did she not give us, during the war, novels of "underground" movement in the occupied countries (notably *Without Orders* and *Endure No Longer*) which allied a first-rate thriller technique with a sense of the mystery latent in human character? Out-and-out thrillers tend to be two-dimensional: one reads them for the excitement of their plots. Miss Albrand wrote, always, novels, which were no less exciting for having shadowy depth.

In *Whispering Hill* she turns to the post-war domestic scene—the returning son, the waiting mother, the far-from-welcome bride. With most authors, this subject would lend itself to somewhat slow psychological analysis, threatening at intervals to bog down into a drab picture of female conflict. Miss Albrand, however, has carried over to it her wartime technique, her way of suggesting that something momentous is at stake. Mother and daughter-in-law wheel into position as might enemy forces. The story moves at a pace from the word "go."

OUR heroine-villainess, let me say at the start, is far from being the stock type. No fidgety, fading, loose-ended lady here; no case of somebody left behind by life, desperately trying to keep a stranglehold on the fates of the younger generation. "When Norah Sedley was forty-six she did not look a day older than thirty. . . . There was something mysterious and fascinating about this youthful beauty of a middle-aged woman; the perfect texture of her skin, the lustre of her hair, the

clean contour of her profile and the lithe, weightless carriage of her long slim body. 'She'll never grow old,' women discussing her would sigh."

Nor is this paragon idle—she is a successful business woman, having taken on after her husband's death the managership of the local newspaper; she plays tennis superbly, swims like a fish, dresses like a dream, and has a perfectly-appointed house—not inappropriately called "Whispering Hill," for it is full of intimations, of the past. Lest Mrs. Sedley's smooth-running existence and state of flawless preservation should seem unlikely, at this particular post-war epoch, to British readers, I owe it to explain that she is an American. The scene of the story is a pleasant small town or large village in New York State, within easy travel distance of the great city, but keeping its rural character and community interests intact.

BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Sedley's devotion to her late husband's memory and joyous comradeship with her son Luke are, in fact, causes of pride to the locality—but of, at the same time, wonder. Why will she not soften and marry again; or, at least, indulge in an affair of the heart? This has not been, certainly, for the want of asking. Rejected suitors mutter that she is cold; even women, while continuing to esteem her, wonder whether there may not be something behind it.

As, indeed, there is. Not for anything would I give away the unusual motivation of this story: sufficient be it to say that our heroine turns out to resemble one of the most remarkable creations of the late Sir Rider Haggard—*She* (or *Ayesha*), who in undiminished beauty, undiminished fury, has for 2000 years brooded over an ancient wrong. Mrs. Sedley's fixation on Luke, in short, has a bygone passionate, rather than purely maternal, source. This, how should he know? Enough that she has succeeded in giving him an all-out fixation on her.

All-out, that is, till Liz Fenton crosses the scene. Having, on the evening of his arrival home, somewhat sickeningly referred to his mother as "my favourite sweetheart," he does show signs that the war and the after years in

devastated Europe have wrought a change in him. He cannot, in fact, take up where he had left off: the *Whispering Hill* idyll is no longer enough for him. In ideas he needs a contemporary—whom he finds in Liz, the girl who has had to fight her way in the world. Liz fills a vacuum Luke has had to hide from his mother—a vacuum of which he himself has felt it disloyal to be aware.

So the battle opens. There is a factor in it which is, again, unusual in this type of story. Norah Sedley would have been prepared to take Luke's marrying in her stride; she is (with justification) sure of her power of keeping any situation under control. The enormity, for her, is that Luke should choose *Liz*—and why? Because Liz is her mother's daughter: a young Mrs. Betty Fenton, twenty years ago, was the cause of a situation which still keeps Mrs. Sedley, secretly, on a rack of pain. Is Mrs. Sedley twice over to suffer defeat in love, from two Fenton women, extraordinarily alike? And Luke Sedley, to make everything worse, has grown up uncannily like his dead father, Lou.

This is the lay-out: the ensuing story, with its well-timed series of revelations, is, as you may imagine, tense. . . . Miss Albrand's writing has the faults of its qualities: just occasionally there is an over-slickness, a burnish of almost too great proficiency. *Whispering Hill*, accordingly, lacks that touch of roughness one associates with great works of art. The characters fall short of the scale of tragedy. As against that, here is a novel well-built and turned—expert narration, absorbing reading. Interest does not for a moment flag.

WITH *Blood Money* (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.) Edward Hyams gives us a Swiftian satire on the gullibility of our age. Already, in *William Medium*, he has shown us he has a pen to be feared. I should doubt whether we have had a satirical story-teller of quite such range, quite such unnerving documentation, quite such an eye for fatuity and for the lengths to which exploitation can go, since the days of the mocking Dean.

Mr. Hyams is eighteenth-century, even, in his voluminousness—compared, that is, to the light, though tensile and none the less deadly, Evelyn Waugh manner. His attack on society is heavier, and lacks Mr. Waugh's barrage of complicity. Mr. Hyams' smile is the smile of the tiger—but how infectious it is! He commands a satanic irony, levity; it is a joy to go hunting the fool with him—up to the instant when one begins to suspect that oneself (under one category, if not another) has become the quarry.

In fact, his hero, a frankly declared oaf, comes out top at the end; when the violent racket (in all senses) of *Blood Money* has subsided. Our hero is winningly introduced—"Owen Peters, the son of a moderately successful London draper, left his third-rate Public School at the age of eighteen. Throughout his school career he had been consistently behind his contemporaries, not from any want of parts, but because he was indolent. He contrived, however, to pass the London Matriculation examination and entered himself at King's College, with a view to the study of medicine. . . ."

OWEN's career opens with nothing more promising than the taking of a berth as surgeon aboard a freight and passenger ship trading to the east coast of Africa. A spot of unpleasantness over the captain's whisky ends in his being put ashore, summarily and with his future a blank, at a Portuguese African port. Here, in a cheap hotel, he awaits events—which occur. He makes the acquaintance of a little Portuguese doctor, Pereira, who lets him in on an experiment on which he is at work—"blood change." This, Pereira opines, will be of epoch-making importance to the race—briefly, blood change involves pumping all the blood out of the patient's system and replacing it with a new lot, drawn from healthy blacks. Pereira is doing a brisk trade in blood with the local chieftains, who are drawing it steadily off their subjects.

Pereira, however, falls foul of one supplier, and thereupon vanishes under ghastly circumstances. Owen appropriates the discovery. To the enterprise he is stimulated by Miss Katherine Costello, the hotel-keeper's daughter—a ravishing half-caste beauty with sharp wits and big ideas. Married, blessed, and furnished with key introductions by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Angola—to whose notice Katherine, as pet pupil of the local convent school, has already been brought—the young couple sail for Europe, taking blood change along with them.

FROM now on, they are in the hands of the back-room boys—sent whizzing from the Comte de Valognes in Paris to Father FitzEsmond, Mr. Hasdrubal the Canaanite, and Lord Chromarty of Cos, the medical peer, in London. Blood change becomes the racket of the age. Finance, science, the churches, political parties, all cash in. The Press and radio become hysterical. The United States weigh in. . . . It is impossible to summarise the phantasmagoria and at the same time unnervingly probable mass-movements set going by blood change: these culminate in a vast international crisis and all but precipitate world war. Glum in the heart of this remains Owen Peters (now Lord Peters)—prototype of the Little Man.

BOOK REVIEWS

Mr. Hyams' cynicism may take your breath away: here is a racy, savage, uproarious tale. *Blood Money*, given time, may become a classic.

"BRITISH HOSPITALS" ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 5s.) had a significant appearance-date: July 5th, 1948. The author, A. G. L. Ives, Secretary of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, writes on his subject with knowledge, authority and perspective.

Broadly [he says] the history of the hospitals falls into three main phases. The first is that of the foundations of mediæval piety, whilst medicine was still dominated by the outlook of the Church—a phase which lingered on after the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII, through Tudor and Stuart times. The second phase is that of the growth, mainly in the eighteenth century, of the voluntary hospital as we know it to-day, essentially a partnership between the doctors and enterprising laymen willing to provide the wherewithal for the succour of the sick, so far as their means permitted. Upon this foundation was superimposed, in the middle of the nineteenth century, all that is associated with the name of Florence Nightingale. The third phase is that of the Poor Law institute and its transformation into the public hospital of to-day—a phase whose origin reaches back to Elizabethan times, but which has only emerged as a significant factor in the last two generations. We stand to-day at the beginning of yet another epoch in hospital history, and on the "appointed day" the different streams merge into something new: a phase the significance of which it is only possible to appreciate in the light of the past.

Mr. Ives expands the plan of that paragraph. His *British Hospitals* falls into six sections—The Mediæval Scene, the Royal Hospitals, the Voluntary Hospitals of the Eighteenth Century, the Nightingale Era, the Turn of the Century, the Impact of Science Upon the Hospitals. And a final section, "The Assumption of Responsibility by the State," in which he surveys the future, is clear and balanced. Throughout, he invites us to study the characteristics, the virtues and limitations, of each phase of British hospital history. He has traced the blessed advance in anaesthetics, antiseptics and nursing. This book is something more than informative; it is, in the best human sense, exciting. At this juncture no reader should miss it.

ARTHUR STANLEY, compiler of the famous *Bedside Book*, now gives us *The Bedside Shakespeare* (Gollancz; 6s.). There have not, he remarks, been many Shakespeare anthologies—the undertaking might be by some denounced. "The first, *The Beauties of Shakespeare* (1752), was edited by Dr. William Dodd, who was Chaplain to the King. This editor was executed some years later for a different kind of crime."

No kind of crime, I think, has been committed by Mr. Stanley. There is nothing like reading Shakespeare last thing at night—or, still better, early in the morning—and one cannot keep the entire Works by one's bed. *The Bedside Shakespeare* selection seems admirable—portions of scenes, whole speeches and soliloquies, songs and sonnets, and some useful informatory notes. If the effect of reading fragments out of a play be to send one legging it down to the library for the entire volume, all the better!

RECORD OF THE WEEK

HUSBANDS and wives on gramophone records are rarities, but this month Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz appear together with a double-sided version of Johann Strauss's well-known *Voices of Spring*.

Miliza Korjus, some time ago, recorded this on one side of a disc, but now we have the pleasure of hearing a much fuller and more elaborate treatment, and what is important about it is the fact that never during the playing of the record does it

sound too long. Lily Pons is so good that one turns a deaf ear to anything but her voice. At times the orchestra sounds a bit ragged, but no matter, for the magnificent singing more than compensates for it.

There can be no doubt that this record will have a big success, and it is obvious that Kostelanetz has gone to great trouble to show off his wife's singing talents to perfection. (Columbia L.X. 1087.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Winifred Lewis

on

Fashions



MOUTON, or beaver lamb, whichever name you prefer, is rapidly becoming the awful child of the fur world. Nothing can keep it down. From its humble status as an inexpensive and utilitarian member of the circle, it has ascended with spectacular rapidity into the more rarefied altitudes of glamour. The beaver lamb of to-day can be likened to a rich relation of its former self, notwithstanding its continued

claims to low cost and durability.

I have been trailing beaver lamb coats, from their earliest stages on arrival from colourful ends of the earth, as skins anything but promising to the eye, through the manifold processes of washing, curing, ironing, dyeing and what-have-you, to their ultimate glory. In the lush beauty of Somerset's green and pleasant land, the craftsmen whose fathers and forefathers have handed on their skill, have shown me the processes which transform mountainous bales of dirty and matted-looking skins into the sleek and lustrous product upon which the furrier finally goes to work. It was a revelation of skill and selection as surprising in its way to the uninitiated as were the beauties of the coats which finally emerged in another place from the hands of the makers-up.

Experimentation in the past few years has produced coats of a lighter weight than we are accustomed to associate with beaver lamb. Improvements in processing and dyeing have given a lustre to the skins and a subtlety of shading which compares well with furs in a much higher price range. The new phantom beaver lamb colouring which, if I am not mistaken, will be very popular this coming winter, has finally given to this fur a fashion status comparable with many which must be considered in very different and higher terms of cost. Phantom beaver lamb, like its more costly relation the real beaver, is lighter in colouring than the familiar brown; and has overtones of grey.

FROM "top dressings" to foundation garments is not so far. Lastex yarn, which is cropping up again with increasing frequency in various fashion forms, has now shown up in one of its most practical shapes—the delicate and expandable girdle and brassière. The newest foundation garments combine an astonishing delicacy of appearance with the practical elasticity which ensures perfect and comfortable figure control. Among pantie-girdles, step-in belts and brassières, made by Caprice, there is also a very new brassière designed to emphasise The Look. It is strapless and can be worn with off-shoulder evening gowns, has flexible bones which are rounded with the laudable object of preventing the unexpected stab that one associates with boning. These foundations are appearing from henceforth in the shops in good supply.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Verney — Vestey

Mr. Ralph B. Verney, of Blechley, Bucks, eldest son of Sir Harry and Lady Rachel Verney, of Anglesey, married Miss Mary Vestey, younger daughter of the late Mr. P. C. Vestey and of Mrs. Vestey, of Chelsea, and Beaulieu, Hants, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Dendy — Richardson

Major Richard Dendy, The Buffs, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dendy, of Holcombe, Moreton Hampstead, Devon, married Miss Anne Richardson, only daughter of Mrs. Ford, and stepdaughter of G/Capt. R. J. A. Ford, at St. Paul's, Athens.



Ward — Churchill Reynolds

F/Lt. Alan Ward, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, of Flint, North Wales, married Miss Margaret Elizabeth Churchill Reynolds, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Reynolds, of Mediterranean Terrace, Gibraltar, in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Gibraltar



Mellor — Walker Wood

F/Lt. Norman Mellor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mellor, of Linton Rise, Wetherby, Yorkshire, married Miss Jean Marie Walker Wood, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Walker Wood, of The Drive, Roundhay, Leeds, at St. Edmund's Church, Roundhay



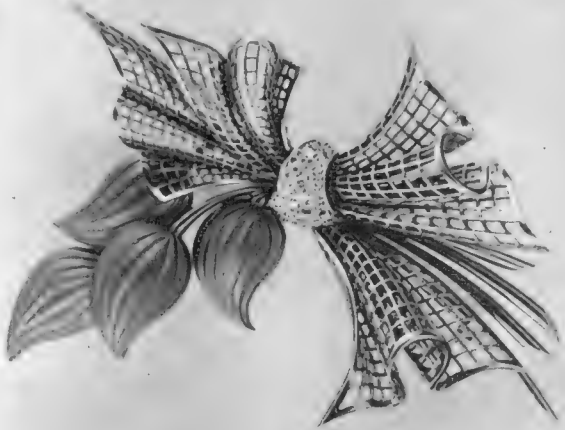
Parker — Askew

Mr. George Kenneth Parker, A.R.I.B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Parker, of St. John's Road, Sidcup, married Miss Eileen Joan Askew, younger daughter of Mr. E. G. Askew, of Snaresbrook, and stepdaughter of Mrs. E. G. Askew, M.B.E., at Christ Church, Wanstead



Beresford — Sinclair

Mr. Jack Beresford, B.D.S., H.D.D., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Beresford, of Taumarunui, New Zealand, married Miss Yvonne W. Sinclair, L.D.S., R.C.S., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Sinclair, The Priory, Falkirk, at Erskine Church, Falkirk



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Elaine Collick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Collick, of Tring Avenue, London, W.5, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Wilkins, second son of the late Rev. F. Wilkins, and of Mrs. Wilkins, of the Rectory, Church Hanborough, Oxfordshire



Miss Rissa Parker, elder daughter of Captain the Hon. and Mrs. T. T. Parker, of Dummer Grange, Basingstoke, Hants, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Guinness, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Guinness, of Danesfort, Bailly, Co. Dublin



Miss Felicity Betty Jonsson, daughter of the late Major Aubrey Jonsson, Royal Irish Rifles, and of Mrs. Jonsson, of Cranford, Winter Kloof, Natal, who is engaged to the Hon. Victor Patrick Hamilton Wills, youngest son of Lord and Lady Dulverton, of Batsford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Glos.



Miss Trifine de la Poer Monsell, elder daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. de la Poer Monsell, of Tervoe, Co. Limerick, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Patrick Angus Turner, M.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, of Green Hill, Bramfield, near Hertford



Miss Nona Hammett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hammett, of Westview, Langland, Swansea, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. James English, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. English, of Tudor Gardens, London, N.W.9



Miss Ann Eleanor Poole, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. C. Poole, R.D., and Mrs. Poole, of Holy Trinity Vicarage, Hastings, who is engaged to Mr. James Reginald Wheeler, elder son of the late Mr. Reginald Wheeler, and of Mrs. Wheeler, of Westerleigh, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex



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Oliver Stewart

ON FLYING

NAVAL pilots and parachutists and a pick-up man were the highlights of the *Daily Express* air display at Gatwick, and it is worth looking back at the event to try and discover why. If we are ever to repeat the great days of the Hendon pageants, the King's Cup air races and the big club meetings, we must learn many lessons from the Gatwick show.

For precision flying in high-powered aircraft there has rarely if ever been anything better than the two pilots of the Royal Navy in their Sea Hornets. They came in the most difficult part of the programme, just after the sensational ejector seat demonstration by Mr. Lynch, yet everybody who knew anything about flying realized at once that they were something special. The two Hornets rolled as if glued together, with never a waver or a formation fault.

Then there were the solo aerobatics of the Sea Fury with the famous "hesitation" or, as I like to call it, "sliced" roll. I noticed that Charles Gardner, who was doing the commentating, said that the pilot was the originator of this manoeuvre. He performed it beautifully, in eight slices. Although the display was for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, it seemed to me to be Navy day so far as the flying went. I must hasten to add that the weather prevented the R.A.F. Vampire pilots from going through their show, and they were only able to fly past.

We Lead In Propjets

I WAS sorry that the papers made so little of the announcement by the Ministry of Supply about the successful test running of the Bristol Theseus engine. As far as I could see the *Manchester Guardian* was the only one that seemed aware of the size of the news. For the point is that the way this engine is behaving gives

strong grounds for hoping that Britain is about to establish a lead in propjets similar to her lead in turbojets.

The propjet, or turboprop, is a gas turbine driving an airscrew. Our great successes to date have been with turbojets, or gas turbines driving by means of a plain jet without any airscrew. But many designers believe that the propjet will find a large sphere of usefulness and that it may be the chosen power unit for air liners for some years to come.

Practical Proof

BRITAIN has at least three propjets actually flying—a thing no other country can claim, not even America.

Moreover the Theseus has been doing a searching bench test with brilliant results, showing trustworthiness and easy maintenance. Then there are the Theseus units in the R.A.F. Lincoln bombers—two aircraft I think—which have been doing flights between here and Egypt.

The treatment of the Theseus reminded me of the treatment of the record obtained by the Fairey Gyrodyne. It was a little difficult to understand what it was all about, so only a few people took the trouble to learn. And the consequence is that two remarkable British achievements failed to get the attention they so fully deserved.

EXPORT

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Quick Get-out

AN extremely useful paper has been published in the Royal Aeronautical Society's Journal on air accidents. It is by the Secretary of the Air Registration Board and it contains useful suggestions. Most refreshing of all, it acknowledges the inadequacy of the emergency exits of aircraft.

Emergency exits are not so easy to



The King presenting the Colour to Flight Cadet-Sergeant H. A. Caillard, on His Majesty's first post-war visit to the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs. It is the first King's Colour to be presented within the Service

provide as it seems at first sight, because any large gap in the side of a fuselage has to be compensated by strong and therefore heavy members around the sides. But an ingenious patent has been taken out, which I hope to refer to more fully at another time, in which a special form of fitting enables the emergency exits to take the load as if it were part of the structure.

Tudor Decisions

By the time these notes appear we should know the best or worst about the Tudor aircraft. My own view is quite clear: it is that subsidized, monopoly corporations ought to fly British aircraft. For companies which are unsubsidized and have no monopoly the position is different.

But there is one thing we must not lose sight of it has never been proved that British aircraft are uneconomic. An efficient operator ought to be able—as Bennett did when he was with British South American Airways—to make them pay.

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"Precisely, Hawkins, and if by any chance I should win or be defeated, there will be a party."

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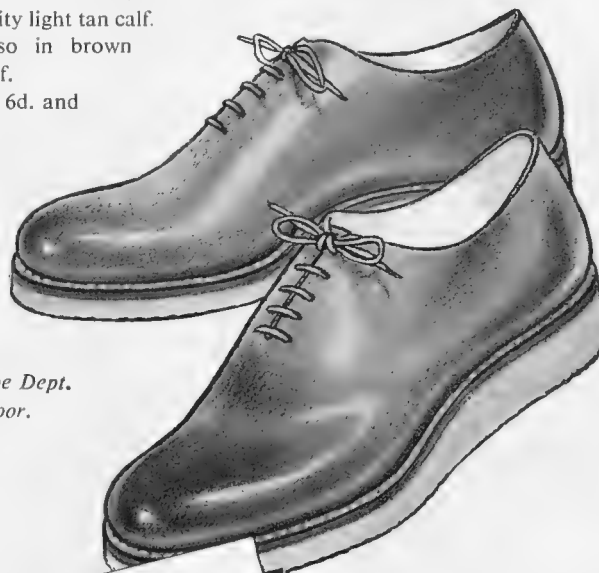
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